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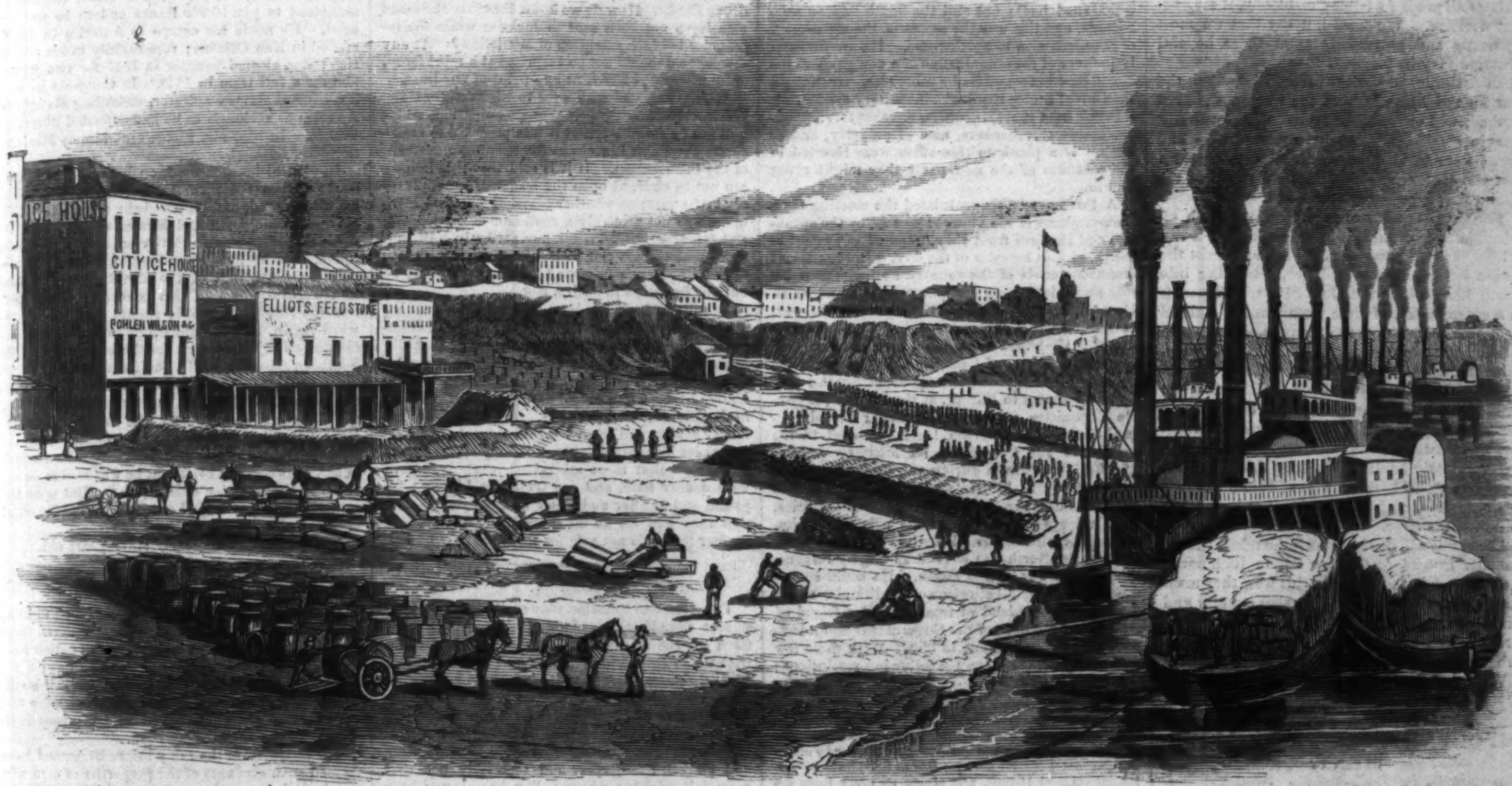
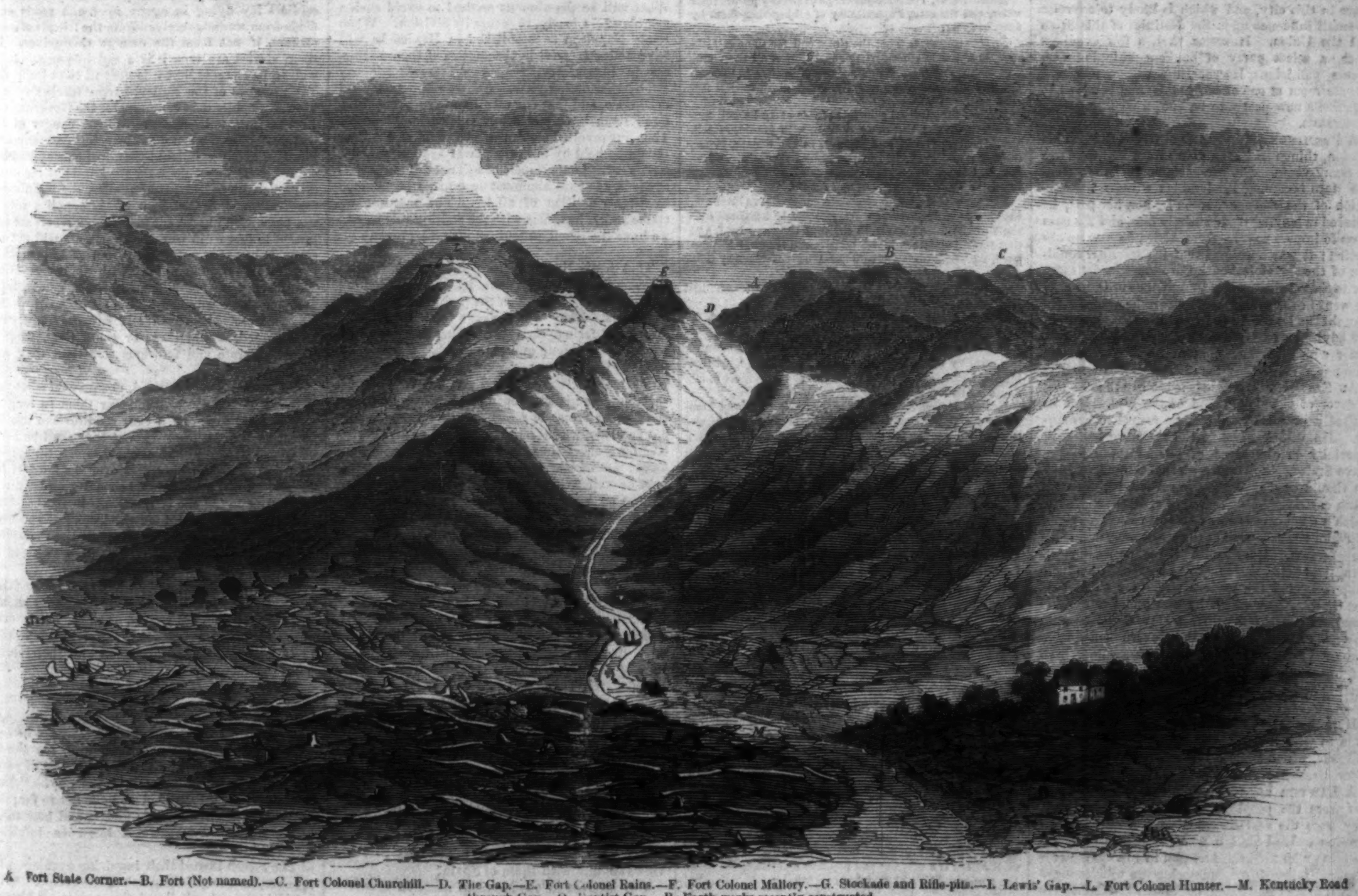


THE LEVEE AT MEMPHIS, TENN.—HAULING SUGAR AND COTTON FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACES FOR SHIPMENT NORTH.—Sketched by Mr. Alex. Simplot.—[See Page 423.]



A. Fort State Corner.—B. Fort (Not named).—C. Fort Colonel Churchill.—D. The Gap.—E. Fort Colonel Rains.—F. Fort Colonel Mallory.—G. Stockade and Rifle-pits.—I. Lewis' Gap.—L. Fort Colonel Hunter.—M. Kentucky Road through Gap.—O. Baptist Gap.—P. Earth-works recently constructed.

GENERAL VIEW OF CUMBERLAND GAP, TENNESSE.—Sketched by Dr. B. Howard, U.S.A.—[See Page 419.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1862.

BEFORE RICHMOND.

IN all human probability the decisive battle of the war will be fought before Richmond before this paper reaches our subscribers. On Friday last, 20th, General M'Clellan was ready. He had his works complete, and his artillery massed. He was prepared at any moment to open an artillery fire upon the rebels which they could not stand. Every soldier in the army of the Potomac knew well that day that the battle was only a few hours distant.

Most of the correspondents appear calmly confident of the result. The army is in such splendid condition, it is led by a general who inspires such unbounded confidence, it is accompanied by so enormous a force of artillery, and it is so thoroughly impressed with belief in its own success, that officers, men, and newspaper-writers all predict a triumph—bloody, it may be, but decisive. We need not say that we most earnestly and prayerfully trust these hopeful presages may be fulfilled.

In the event of success before Richmond, the war on the Atlantic, like the war on the Mississippi, will virtually be over. There will still remain small armies to be dispersed here and there, forts to be taken, guerrillas to be shot. But the critical question of the division of the Union will have been determined.

For there is no section of country south of Virginia and Tennessee in which the rebels can subsist such an army as could hope to resist the Union forces. Davis and Lee, retreating into North Carolina or the Gulf States, will perish in a given period of time from want of animal food, just as Beauregard's army is scattering in Mississippi from the same cause. Before evacuating Corinth Beauregard contracted for the delivery to his army in Mississippi of 200,000 head of cattle and sheep from the States lying west of the Mississippi. It is in order to transport these cattle across the river that Vicksburg is so resolutely holding out. By this time Farragut has probably given a good account of that obstinate city, and not another head of cattle will cross the river.

The result will be the same if the rebels should evacuate instead of fighting before Richmond. If they are going to carry on this war, they must retain possession of enough grazing country and wheat country to subsist a large army. This involves, as a necessity, a continued and undisturbed rebel occupation of the plains and valleys of Virginia.

IMPORTANT POLITICAL MOVEMENT.

WE have obtained information of a very important political movement which has lately taken place in this city, and which is likely to exercise no small influence upon the destinies of this State and the Union. It seems that, a few evenings since, a select party of bankers, shipping-merchants, politicians, lawyers, and editors met in a private room at one of our hotels, and resolved to organize a new party to be known as THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

A PROMINENT MERCHANT observed that, in his opinion, things had been going from bad to worse for many years. The encroachments of the executive were becoming intolerable: witness the execution of the martyr Gordon! For his part, he believed in leaving trade entirely free, and if a man chose to import negroes from Africa he saw no objection; it was notorious that the spiritual condition of the slaves in South Carolina was far superior to that of the negroes in Ashantee or Dahomey. He went in for saving souls where he could. He thought the legislation of the United States rotten, and advised a recurrence to the old colonial laws, under which his ancestors in Rhode Island had done uncommonly well for several generations.

AN EDITOR, in rising, wished to say that he was in favor of the prosecution of the war. But he wished it prosecuted with some regard to humanity. He was opposed to the shedding of blood, especially of the blood of our brethren in the Slave States. He could wish that General M'Clellan should be directed to fire several volleys with blank cartridge in the direction of Richmond, after which a deputation should be sent to Jeff Davis to offer him the reversion of the Presidency on condition of peace. His blood boiled when he thought of the number of slaves who had escaped from their masters during the present war. He understood that General Lee, whom he was proud to call his friend, had lost two valuable slaves. Why were they not returned? Was the Government a common thief? He was not a church-member himself, but he had a friend who went regularly to meeting and who informed him that in Deuteronomy—

Here the Speaker was interrupted by a boy, who came in with a list of our killed and wounded at Fairoaks, which the Editor began to copy for his paper.

A LAWYER remarked that the authors of the war were the people of New England, and that they were the real disunionists. A popular impression existed that it was the people of South Carolina who fired the first gun in the war. This was a mistake. It was Massachusetts which sought a severance of the Union, not South Carolina. He was bound to admit that the former had sent a few troops to support the President, while the latter had dispatched her volunteers against Washington. But appearances were often deceitful. The South Carolinians were a whole-souled people, incapable of dishonest dealing; whereas he knew from experience that the New Englanders were rogues. He had a case—

Here he was called to order by THE CHAIRMAN, who remarked, that while he was glad to hear that their friend the Lawyer had got a case at last, it had nothing to do with the object of the meeting. They had met there to see if something could not be done to stem the tide of human progress and civilization, which was sweeping before it the time-honored prejudices, abuses, and wrongs to which they all naturally clung. He would call upon his neighbor, the Banker, to ventilate his opinions.

THE BANKER remarked that the great trouble in this country was the want of an established aristocracy. His friend, Lord Thingumbob, had told him so when he met him in Pall Mall, and he was convinced of the fact. At the South, now, the large slave-owners constituted an aristocracy; not so solid as might be wished, he confessed, as many of the young men at the South were apt to gamble away their niggers: he had himself won a yellow girl at poker, and sold her six weeks afterward for $2500 (ha! ha!); but still the South had an aristocracy, and this was the secret of the superiority of Southern men to Northerners. He was decidedly in favor of the organization of a new party at the North based on sound feudal principles. He thought the United States required a hereditary aristocracy selected from the.... bankers, merchants.... bankers, lawyers.... bankers, men of property, and so forth. If a plank to this effect were inserted in the platform of the new party they might count him in.

A POLITICIAN congratulated the meeting upon the soundness of the views expressed by the speakers, and the firm front they proposed to present to the pernicious heresies of the day. In the present disastrous crisis of the country he had taken his side some time since, and proposed to stand by it. He was in favor of the war. But after the war, he wanted the *statu quo ante bellum* absolutely restored. He hoped to see his friend Senator (now General) Toombs, of Georgia, in his place in the Senate; his friend and correspondent Senator Mason, now absent in Europe, at the head of the Senate Committee on foreign relations; his old acquaintance, Mr. Jefferson Davis, restored to the control of the Committee on Military Affairs, which his experience during the present war will so admirably fit him to wield; and Brother Ben appointed United States Commissioner of Lotteries, with a large percentage on the sale of policies. He agreed with his friend the Lawyer in the opinion that the North was at least as largely responsible for the war as the South. He could see no difference himself between an Abolitionist and a Secessionist—a friend of freedom and a friend of slavery—a defender of the Government and a traitor. They were all one to him. With these few remarks he would move the following resolutions:

Whereas, the rascally and diabolical conduct of the Northern States, and especially Massachusetts, Vermont, and Wisconsin, have plunged this country into a fratricidal war; and whereas the blood-thirsty representatives from these States refused persistently to avert the war by adopting the advice of such pure patriots as Breckinridge, Vallandigham, and Hunter, and giving up every thing demanded by the Southern people:

And whereas, The Southerners have already proved their valor, and the utter impossibility of subjugating them by force of arms:

Be it resolved, 1. That the times call for the establishment of a new Northern party consisting of all the virtue and worth, and most of the modesty of the North, to crush out and keep down the rascally, Jacobinical, radical faction.

2. That the cardinal principle of this party be THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION AS IT WAS, with Mason, Slidell, Breckinridge, Davis, and Hunter, in the Senate, Pryor, Stephens, and Barksdale in the House, the fugitive slave law in full operation throughout the North, and slavery in all the Territories present and future.

3. That with a view to conciliate our Southern brethren, the officers of the Southern army should be admitted into the United States army with the rank they now hold, and that the supreme command be given to General Beauregard, who should be appointed Lieutenant-General by Congress.

4. That Major-General Lovell be invited to resume his position as Street-Inspector in this city.

5. That Senator Sumner be tried for treason, and, if possible, hanged.

6. That a monument be raised in the city of Boston to the memory of the late Preston Brooks, whose Christian behavior was so beautiful a prototype of the conduct of his Southern friends during the present war.

7. That Robert Smalls, the nigger who ran away from his owners in Charleston with a valuable steamboat, be returned under a flag of truce, and Commodore Dupont, who abetted him in the theft of himself and boat, be dismissed from the service.

8. That the negro who gave Colonel Kenly information of the approach of the enemy at Front Royal receive one hundred lashes for escaping from his owner without a regular pass.

9. That the true object of the establishment of the Government of the United States was the protection and maintenance of slavery and the discouragement of freedom: wherefore a law of Congress should render it penal, forever hereafter, to speak commendingly, in any public discourse, of freedom or liberty, or of the rights of man, and an orator should be appointed by Congress, on each Fourth of July, to explain to the people the beauties of slavery, the charm of the whipping-post, the advantage of the iron collar, the merits of the blood-hound, the virtues of slave-traders, and the general common sense of making people work without wages.

10. That Russia having commenced the emancipation of the serfs, diplomatic relations be broken off with her; that Spain be warned that if she carries out the project of her leading statesmen for the emancipation of the negroes in Cuba and Porto Rico, the United States will consider it a *casus belli*; and that new and close treaties of friendship and amity be concluded with the Emperor of Brazil, the King of Dahomey, and the Sultan of Turkey.

11. That it being the deliberate sense of the members of this party that the world is going headlong to ruin—that civilization is a mistake and progress a delusion—[illegible] take the name and title of THE ANTEDILUVIANS.

These resolutions, having been put to the vote, were carried *nem. con.*; and the meeting separated in high good-humor.

THE LOUNGER.

A LOOK IN THE LULL.

SINCE the battle of Fairoaks there has been a lull. It may be broken at any moment, and we may occupy Richmond either by the evacuation of the enemy or by a bloody engagement.

Yet one thing is now so clear that it should be included in every estimate of the future. It is that we are dealing not with an organized power, or state, or government, which, when it has lost its capital and is universally defeated, proposes terms of submission, but with a vast horde of banditti. Practically they are that. They are some two hundred thousand men in arms. If they are driven from one point, as at Corinth, they reappear, either together or separately, elsewhere. At this very moment it would not be surprising to hear that a large force threatens New Orleans, or has reinforced Charleston, or Richmond, or Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. If they retire from Richmond they may secretly and rapidly withdraw to the Valley and drive Frémont before them as Jackson drove Banks. How do we know that fifty thousand men have not been sent to Jackson while the remainder hold the attention of M'Clellan? At any moment we should not be surprised at a rebel foray, or an attempted foray, at any point of our lines.

We are engaged with a foe to whom every thing is fair. He frankly preaches assassination, and it will not be forgotten that it was proposed to assassinate President Lincoln as the opening movement of the insurrection. If it is said that this infamy can not be charged upon the leaders, the simple reply is the question whether Marshal Kane, of Baltimore, was not probably a confidant of the leaders, and whether he did not know perfectly well that there was to be a riot in Baltimore upon occasion of the President's passage? And there could be but one intention in such a riot.

It will not be in the least surprising to hear that attempts have been made to murder Governor Johnson or General Butler; because, however absurdly causeless the revolt of the rebels may be, they are doubtless quite as desperate in their hatred of the United States Government as any people ever were in hating actual oppressors. If it comforts any tender soul to call them misguided brothers, by all means let him call them so. But by no means let him forget that these misguided brothers hate us with deadly hate, and are trying to kill us with poison and powder and every infernal device, and that they will try to do so until they are taught by fear that it is not safe for them to try it longer.

MEXICO.

THE Mexican question may easily lead to a very serious complication. Louis Napoleon has interfered for the aristocratic church-party in Mexico with the evident intention of destroying the present Liberal Juarez Government, and of necessarily remaining Protector of whatever government may follow. Should he succeed in establishing himself there, what will inevitably be his first wish? Clearly that his precarious colony should have no large and powerful neighbor, and especially not that powerful neighbor whose policy has always been to forbid Europe to put foot upon the continent. What will be the obvious method to avoid such a neighbor? Clearly, to secure its division. When Louis Napoleon is established in Mexico he will have a vital interest in the success of the insurrection in this country.

There is another view. Suppose him successful in Mexico, and that our rebellion is suppressed before he can have had a fair chance to intervene. Then our revolted section will be silent and sullen. It will be held by military power—conquered, not converted. Louis Napoleon will not fail to see that our policy toward him must necessarily be modified by that condition of affairs. The moment we strike at him he unites with the waiting rebels, and we have the rebellion revived *plus* the French alliance.

That Louis Napoleon has political designs upon this Continent is unquestionable. Their execution must depend greatly upon the position of the United States. They would never have been entertained but for our civil war. They may be so directed as to prolong and perplex that war and imperil the Government. Last September Mr. Adams wrote to Mr. Seward that Lord Russell told him that the proposition to open the Mexican matter to the United States to see if some settlement could not be made, was accepted by Spain as an alternative for a short time, and that France concurred, *though not without hesitation.* In January of this year he writes that the French military occupation will go on, and will not stop with the limits first assigned. "It is not difficult," says Mr. Adams, "to understand the nature of the fulcrum thus obtained for operations in a new and a different quarter should the occasion be made to use it. The expedition to the city of Mexico may not stop until it shows itself in the heart of the Louisiana purchase."

When the nature of our offer was understood, which was to guarantee the payment of interest upon the Mexican foreign debt with certain contingent securities, it was "wholly declined" by France. M. Thouvenel said to Mr. Dayton that, so far as the "extinction" of Mexico was concerned, the chief danger of that result had hitherto been from the United States. A palpable hit! Mr. Dayton, like a sensible statesman, is "constrained to say" that he made no very satisfactory reply, but reminded M. Thouvenel that it was now a question of the future, not of the past. On the 13th February he writes to Mr. Seward, that if France meets with resistance in Mexico she will send a larger force, and that it is understood that her views conflict with those of Spain.

Our interest in the Mexican question is of the gravest kind. For if, united and at peace, we felt the danger of foreign presence upon this continent to be so vital that it was necessary to promulgate the Monroe doctrine, how infinitely more vital is that danger when we are convulsed with desperate civil war! The peace of the world hangs upon the turning of Louis Napoleon's hand. Our interest in his decision is conspicuous. Great Britain is already a party. While Spain and all Spanish America clasped hands at the Prim Banquet, and the Spanish General and the Spanish Minister declared that it was the mission of their country to defend the independence of their step-children, the Spanish American Governments.

It is a moment of the profoundest political interest.

PIERRE SOULE.

MR. SOULE has been arrested and imprisoned as a dangerous enemy to the nation; and it is natural to ask what his career has been.

He is the son of a French Lieutenant-General of the Republic. Pierre was studying to be a Jesuit priest at Bordeaux, and took part in a plot against the Bourbons just after the restoration. He escaped, but was afterward allowed to return. Going to Paris he became an advocate and the editor of an ultra-liberal paper. He attacked the Government in his paper; was tried, convicted, sentenced to pay 10,000 francs and to be imprisoned. He made his escape to America in 1825; settled in New Orleans; rose rapidly in his profession; was elected Senator in 1847 for two years, and for a full term in 1849. In Congress he was a vehement slavery agitator, defending slavery in America as zealously as he had defended liberty in France. In 1853 Mr. Pierce sent him as Minister to Spain.

In Madrid he shot the French Embassador in a duel; helped the insurrection of August, 1854; went to Ostend, and prepared the manifesto which his tools, Buchanan and Mason, signed—and the scope of which was to justify stealing Cuba from Spain, if it could not be bought, in order to secure the dominance of the slaveholding interest in the government of this country. Meantime, lest the American people should feel kindly toward Spain, and be unwilling to commit so infamous an injustice even for the advantage of the Southern aristocracy, Mr. Soulé concealed from the State Department a reciprocity treaty of trade between the United States and Cuba which, during the absence of the Minister, the Secretary—ad interim Chargé d'Affaires—had negotiated with the Spanish Government. In 1855 Mr. Soulé returned. When the rebellion broke out he was said to be opposed to the secession of Louisiana. But upon the capture of New Orleans he was found to be a chief of the rebels.

Mr. Soulé must be nearly sixty years old.

CONCILIATION AND EXASPERATION.

WHILE we are fighting the rebels let us fight as fiercely as we can. When we have conquered them we may be as lenient as we will. The nation may intend to hang only the leaders and to forgive the rank and file; but that is no reason, while it is still fighting for success, that it should not seize and use every house, animal, and field of every individual rebel which it may need.

The letters from the army before Richmond have teemed with accounts of the properties of men who openly and scornfully announced their treason and hatred carefully protected by our army while our soldiers lay dying in agony upon the roads and fields from wounds received from the friends of such owners, if not from the owners themselves. If these stories are true it is a sad business. It is well to be clement, but it is very ill to be imbecile. The presence of the National army teaches such a property-holder only contempt for the Government. In what way is he made to feel the danger of rebellion? Yes, and in what way *is* it dangerous to him? Nobody can doubt that, if the army had occupied every house upon the road and put the owners under the strictest surveillance, the main communication of M'Clellan with his supplies would not have been almost cut off. If the rebels are not taught to fear us in war, they certainly will not respect us in peace. Ravages from their own men they forgive from sympathy with the cause. Our scrupulous tenderness seems to them, and *is*, fear. Do you think another kind of treatment would "exasperate" them? Well: suppose they were exasperated, would they, or could they, wage a more desperate and ferocious war than they are waging now?

When they are conquered, you may do what you will. But you can not conquer them so long as they despise you. If a case requires the use of fire-arms at all, it requires that they shall be loaded with ball and aimed at the heart. No soldier who means to aim ever fires over the head of his enemy. In Winchester, when a Union lady was carefully nursing one of the rebels in the hospital, she asked him if he did not think the rebel wounded in our hands were not well treated. He replied fiercely, "Of course, you don't dare to treat us otherwise."

The wounded and sick, whether loyal or false, can not be too carefully treated. But why should lusty rebels, who are well to do and whose money goes straight to the support of the rebel army, have their houses carefully protected and their clover fields scrupulously respected?

HANGING.

DURING the early spring, just after we had occupied Nashville, a Union man from the Border States was talking in a circle of persons of secession sympathies in a hotel in the city. "Very well," said he, "I am glad we have got so far; but I don't think our Generals understand how to develop Union sentiment. I know an infallible method."

The secesh turned their inquiring eyes upon the speaker, and one of them asked the recipe.

"It's very simple," was the answer. "I would take military possession, for instance, of Nashville. The moment I was established I would order an election. The ballots should be printed 'Union' and 'Disunion.' The election should be absolutely free. No coercion should be attempted. Every man's name should be recorded as he delivered his ballot, and his vote with it. Then I would carefully examine them all; and every man who voted for disunion should be hung—every man."

Secesh listened with open mouths.

"Then," continued he, "I would advance to the next city, and pursue the same method. The third city would be unanimous for the Union before I reached it."

General Butler evidently proposes to develop Union sentiment in New Orleans in a somewhat similar manner; not indeed by indiscriminate hanging, but by showing no fear of resorting to that extremity upon proof of dangerous guilt.

War is tragical business. Whoever appeals to it as a remedy must be very sure that his grievance hurts more than the cure. This is the lesson General Butler is teaching. War, at its best, has no amenities. What are called so are actions that are not warlike. War is essentially brutal; it is the appeal to superior physical force. The amenities of war are the interpolations of humanity, because men can not be altogether brutes.

It is a terrible thing that a criminal should be hung, but it is much more terrible that thousands of brave and honest men should die of ghastly wounds and frightful pestilence because that criminal, and men like him, have, without a decent pretext even, drawn the sword and forced society to defend itself. A man hanging from a window is an argument such persons can understand. Loss of life, of limb, of property, of liberty—this is war, this is the tribunal to which these persons appealed. It is for wisdom to determine how much life, limb, property, and liberty shall be lost. Human experience shows that a fierce rebellion once subdued by arms is finally most effectually suppressed by punishing the leaders and pardoning the followers. Mumford was hung for precisely the same reasons that Davis, Beauregard, Cobb, Benjamin, Floyd, Walker, Randolph, Lee, and the rest would be hung. If they should be pardoned, Mumford should have been.

JOHN BULL BACKING A FRIEND.

The London *Times* is confessedly the peculiar organ of John Bull. It defended and justified this rebellion in every way so long as it had a chance of success. The rebels were taken at their own valuation. They were a high-spirited, refined, and generous people, struggling for liberty against a brutal lust of power. The day of darkness for the insurrection comes, and behold the value of John Bull's sympathy! Contemplate the high-spirited, refined, and generous soldiers of liberty (see A. H. Stephens's speech) as now painted by their great ally the *Times*:

> "Thus have fared the secession agents in their own chosen field of action—European agitation. Their adversity is entirely unconnected with the fortunes of war. Their manœuvres began at least half a year before any State seceded; and this correspondence bears earlier dates than that of any Confederate reverse in the war. They are a set of ignorant, narrow-minded, conceited slaveholders, and agents of slaveholders—infirm in judgment and reckless about truth, as slaveholders get to be in all countries and all times. They despised the strength of the Free States, not understanding the causes of that strength; and they partly blinded themselves, in the desire to blind others, to the weakness of their own enterprise. Though their defeats in the field had not begun, they must have been more or less discouraged by their own failure to obtain support in Europe, even by such reckless promises and such delusive representations as they did not scruple to offer; and now the exposure of their correspondence through the press must crown their mortifications."

Is it wonderful that every nation in the world so dearly loves John Bull?

OBEYING LAW.

Those who are so profoundly troubled at the eternal difficulty in executing the Fugitive Slave Law would profitably spend a moment in answering the question, Why is it always so difficult? There are people who seem to think that no man can possibly have a real love of his country, of the Union, and of constitutional liberty, if he does not rush with the utmost glee to the enforcement of this law. A hundred years ago it was the English law in Ireland that if a son informed against his father as a papist, his property should be taken from him and given to the son. It was the law of Herod that all children under two years of age should be murdered. Don't you think the people of Jerusalem would have shown their good citizenship by running round and stabbing each other's children?

There is no need of taking leave of commonsense in any question. A law is not necessarily a good or wise or honorable regulation because it is law; and wherever it violently contravenes the moral instincts of the people it will become obsolete, even if it be not repealed. Cruel or unjust laws—those which the popular heart rejects—can never be easily enforced. In a despotism or monarchy they will lead to rebellion if the attempt is persistantly made. In a popular government like ours they will fall into desuetude by common consent, and will at last be repealed.

To return a helpless, hopeless, innocent man to a worse condition than that which he risks his life in trying to escape, can not possibly be made decent, honorable, gentlemanly, humane, or manly. But it may be law—and obedience to law is essential to the peaceful existence of civil society. What, then, is to be done? How are we to maintain the authority of law and yet avoid doing a mean injustice? This is the question that has perplexed many a sincere and candid youth in this country—in Boston, say, ten years ago, when he shouldered his musket and, with crimson cheek and accusing heart, escorted Anthony Burns back to the slavewhip. It is a terrible law, he said; but if law is not enforced where are we?

And yet the solution is easy. Law is obeyed either by following its behest or suffering its penalty; and in this country, where discussion is free and the people make the laws, if there be a bad law—not an inconvenient law, but a wicked one—the duty of a good citizen is, not to invoke anarchy by violent resistance to it, but while he bears the penalty of disobedience, to exhort other citizens to do the same, and to show why the law should be changed. Thus he shows respect for the authority of law, yet keeps his hands and heart pure.

Take the Fugitive Slave Law as an illustration. Of course every honorable man would as soon strike his mother because the law ordered it as run after a fugitive. If he were summoned he would say, as Henry Clay did, that he was a man not a bloodhound. If he were charged in the name of the law to assist, he would say, "I yield to the penalty, and so acknowledge the authority of law." If he were imprisoned, and the law were executed by protesting soldiers, how long before a law which honorable men repudiated, and which only military force could execute, would be repealed or become obsolete? Washington once sought to recover a fugitive slave, but finding that the claim produced popular excitement, he begged that it might not be pressed. Why? Because he knew that this law, unlike other laws which affect only material interests, touched the moral instincts.

If those people at the North who own no slaves, and who think that the eager return of fugitives is the grand bond of union in this nation, were as wise as Washington, who did own them, and in this case reclaimed one, they would see why it is so difficult to execute such a law. It is a matter of feeling which every honorable man understands. Among an intelligent, prospering, moral, free, and therefore law respecting, people, the execution of a cruel law is constantly more and more impracticable, and that fact is an unerring sign of the stability and security of that people.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.

This book is as remarkable as the speech of the author at the Academy of Music, of which we have already spoken in these columns. It is the fiery record of the sufferings of a true-hearted American citizen guilty of loving his country, and reveals the essential character of the rebellion. It also shows in its trenchant vituperation, its deep, bitter craving for retaliation, the influence and consequence of the social condition in which the writer was born and has lived. No man can read it without a renewed vow that this unholy insurrection against law, humanity, and liberty, shall be utterly crushed at any cost. Nor is there any work whose universal circulation among the mass of Northern and loyal citizens would be more inspiring and valuable than Parson Brownlow's book.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Pitts's Proposal.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, and a man of business tact. When Pitts goes to make a purchase, he always gets the lowest cash price; and then says, "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any thing that suits me better, I'll call and take this." Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to the ladies, young ones in particular. Now, lately, Pitts says to himself: "I am getting rather long in years, and so I'll marry." His business qualities wouldn't let him wait; so off he travels, calls upon a lady friend, and opens conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married. "Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it with yourself." "But," says Pitts, "you are interested; and, my dear girl, will you marry me?" The young lady blushed very red, and hesitated; finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter-of-fact Pitts responded: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find any body that suits me better, I'll come back."

Dandies and nanny-goats never fail to pride themselves upon their kids.

"My wife tells the truth three times a day," remarked a jocose old fellow, at the same time casting a very mischievous glance at her. "Before rising in the morning, she says, 'O dear, I must get up! but I don't want to.' After breakfast she adds, 'Well, I suppose I must go to work, but I don't want to;' and she goes to bed, saying, 'There, I have been passing all day, and haven't done any thing!'"

Pat's Mode of Avoiding the Society of Mosquitoes.—He hangs a lace net entirely over his bed, gets inside of it himself, cuts a little hole in it just big enough to admit one "varmint" at a time, makes believe to be asleep, and when

"The whole troop, pioneers and all,"

get through, Pat stops up the hole with a piece of putty, creeps carefully out under the bar, and sleeps undisturbed, for the remainder of the night, upon the floor!"

If your friend goes into a speculation, don't, because he happens to break, *break with him*.

Four Words to Three.—A Gascon officer, who had served under Henry IV. without receiving any pay for a considerable time, came to the king, and confidently said to him, "Sir, three words with you, *money or discharge!*" "Four with you," answered his Majesty; "*neither one nor other!*"

A bad Spell.—"Thomas, spell weather," said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "W-i-e-a-t-h-i-o-u-r, weather." "Well, Thomas, you may sit down," said the teacher. "I think this is the worst spell of weather we have had since Christmas."

"Isn't your hat sleepy?" inquired a little urchin of a gentleman with a "shocking bad one." "No; why?" inquired the gentleman. "Because I think it's a long time since it had a *nap*," was the answer.

The crow is a brave bird; he never shows the white feather.

"All's well that ends well," said the monkey, contemplating his beautiful tail.

There is a man in Dublin who is so aristocratic that he has cut his own acquaintance.

The Best Weapon.—One of the benchers of Lincoln's Inn being often affronted, and at last challenged by a bully, told him, "I am old, and past fighting, yet I shall meet you, and shall bring my own weapons." The next morning he accordingly came with his own weapons, two constables, whom the fellow seeing, ran away, and never troubled him more.

Some women paint their faces, and then weep because it doesn't make them beautiful. They raise a hue—and cry.

Resolution the Best Omen.—A general who led out his army against Tigranes, was told it was an unlucky day. "We shall alter it," said he.

A Lady's Age.—A lady observed, "I am thirty years of age." A gentleman answered, "It must be true, for you have told me so these twenty years."

The bow of a ship is not evidence of its politeness.

We have ever found that blacksmiths, by conversing with them, are more or less given to *iron*-y, and somewhat addicted to *vice*. Carpenters, for the most part, speak *plane*-ly, but they will *chisel* when they get a chance. Not unfrequently they are *bores*, and often annoy one with their old *saws*.

"Nothing is certain," is a common aphorism; but if nothing is certain, how can it be certain that nothing is certain?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, June 17, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill providing for an increase of the medical corps of the army. Senator Chandler, of Michigan, offered a resolution, which was laid over, that the amount of legal tender notes already authorized by law shall never be increased, but the Secretary of the Treasury be, and he hereby is, authorized to issue "ten-day certificates," bearing five per cent. interest, in addition to the fifty millions already authorized by law. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up. After some discussion, an amendment was agreed to fixing the point of commencement of the road on the one hundredth parallel of longitude, within the Territory of Nebraska.——In the House, the Select Committee on Confiscation reported to the House Mr. Potter's bill, designating what classes of rebels shall forfeit their slaves; but no further action was taken on the subject. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill to authorize the issue of additional Treasury notes, and Mr. Spaulding, of the Committee of Ways and Means, explained its provisions. The House concurred in the Senate's substitute for Mr. Arnold's bill, which forever prohibits slavery in the Territories now existing, or which may at any time hereafter be formed or acquired. The Senate bill donating lands to the States and Territories for the establishment of colleges of agriculture and the mechanic arts was passed by a vote of eighty-nine to twenty-five. The House then adjourned.

On Wednesday, June 18, in the Senate, the bill for the better government of the navy was reported back by the Naval Committee. A joint resolution, that Congress finally adjourn on 30th inst., was laid over. Senator Hale introduced a bill providing that, when necessary to make further enlistments, the President is authorized, by proclamation, to call on all persons, without distinction of race, color, or condition, to enlist in the army. The bill further provides that every slave enlisted under such proclamation of the President shall be ever thereafter free, and entitled to all the bounties, privileges, etc., of other soldiers in the army. Referred. The bill to prevent a further issue of legal tender notes, and authorizing the issue of one hundred millions of ten-day certificates, bearing five per cent. interest, was referred to the Finance Committee. The Pacific Railroad bill was then taken up and discussed until the adjournment.——In the House, the Senate joint resolution giving a bounty of two dollars each for every enlisted soldier, and the first month's pay in advance, was adopted. The bill emancipating the slaves of certain rebels was passed by a vote of eighty-two against fifty-four. In Committee of the Whole the bill authorizing an additional issue of Treasury notes was discussed till the adjournment.

On Thursday, June 19, in the Senate, the House bill to change the port of entry of Brunswick, Georgia, was passed. A motion to take up the resolution fixing the time for the final adjournment of Congress was disagreed to by a vote of 14 against 22. The bill fixing the pay and emoluments of officers of the army was taken up, and the House amendment, striking out the section deducting ten per cent. from the pay of all military and civil officers of the government during the war, and reducing the mileage of Congressmen fifty per cent., was concurred in by a vote of 29 to 12. The consideration of the Pacific Railroad bill was then resumed, and continued till the adjournment.——In the House, Mr. Lehman tendered to the government, as a free gift, on behalf of the city of Philadelphia, League Island, as a site for a navy-yard. The property cost $310,000. A resolution that Congress finally adjourn on the 30th inst. was adopted by a vote of 103 against 28. The Select Committee on the Defense of the Northern Lakes reported a bill establishing a national foundry at Chicago, and naval dépôts and yards on Lakes Erie, Michigan, and Ontario. Referred.

On Friday, June 20, in the Senate, a bill granting the proceeds of certain lands to the Pacific Railroad Company was referred. The Pacific Railroad bill was taken up. A motion to strike out the section providing for four branch lines at the eastern terminus was rejected—15 to 25—and the bill passed by a vote of thirty-five against five. The Senate then adjourned.——In the House, the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill increasing temporarily the duties on imports and for other purposes. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and made the special order for Wednesday. Several private bills were passed, and the House adjourned till Monday.

On Saturday, June 21, in the Senate, several petitions in favor of a bankrupt law were presented and referred. A bill opening post-offices in the insurrectionary districts was passed. The House bill prescribing the oath to all persons holding office under the Government was taken up and discussed till the adjournment.——The House was not in session.

On Monday, June 23, in the Senate, petitions in favor of the passage of a bill confiscating the property of rebels, and asking Congress to extend the protection of the Government over all loyal people in the rebel States, without regard to color, were presented and referred. The Committee on Territories reported a bill for the admission of Western Virginia into the Union. The bill prescribing an additional oath of office to all persons in the service of the Government, except Members of Congress and the Vice-President, was passed. The report of the Conference Committee on the Tax bill was agreed to. The House Confiscation bill was then taken up. A motion was made to substitute the Senate bill, as reported by the select committee on the subject, and pending the question the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Lovejoy asked leave to introduce a bill amendatory of the District of Columbia Emancipation act; but objection was made, and the subject was laid over. The resolution declaring Charles Henry Foster not entitled to a seat as representative from North Carolina was adopted. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, and resumed the consideration of the Treasury Note bill. An amendment to the first section, providing for the issue of $150,000,000 of United States notes, not bearing interest, payable to bearer, $100,000,000 of which may, in the discretion of the Secretary of the Treasury, be of a lower denomination than five dollars, was adopted by a vote of fifty-seven against forty-five. The Committee then rose, and Mr. Stevens presented to the House the report of the Conference Committee on the Tax bill, and the report was agreed to. The House then adjourned.

THE ATTACK ON CHARLESTON..

From the papers of Richmond and Charleston we have accounts of a terrible battle fought near Charleston, on James Island, within four miles of that city, on Monday 16th, in which a body of Union troops and some gun-boats were engaged. Judging from the statements of these journals we think that there can be little doubt that the battle at James Island was a great Union victory, which will result in the capture of Charleston before long. The Charleston *Mercury*, in recounting the story of this battle, represents it as an utter defeat of the Union troops. But it also predicts the fall of the city, and has sent its own printing-press to Columbia, South Carolina.

BATTLE ON THE WHITE RIVER.

The expedition which proceeded up the White River from Memphis, several days since, for the purpose of removing the obstructions to its navigation, has been heard from. The expedition consisted of the gun-boats *St. Louis*, *Lexington*, *Conestoga*, and *Mound City*, and the Forty-third and Forty-sixth Indiana regiments, commanded by Colonel Fitch. On the 17th the expedition reached St. Charles, 85 miles above the mouth of the river, where two rebel batteries were found, mounting seven guns, and supported by a force of infantry. The gun-boats engaged the batteries, while Colonel Fitch landed his forces some two and a half miles below, and advanced to make an attack. During the action a rifled shot from one of the rebel batteries penetrated the steam draw of the *Mound City*, and the escaping steam killed and disabled most of her officers and crew. Colonel Fitch then signaled the fleet to cease firing while he made an assault, and the batteries were carried by his troops in the most dashing and gallant manner, and with no loss of life. The rebel infantry were driven from the support of the guns, the gunners were shot at their posts, their commanding officer, Freye (formerly of the navy), was wounded and taken prisoner, and eight brass and iron guns, with ammunition, were captured. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded is estimated at 125. Our loss was caused solely by the escaping steam on board the *Mound City*. The boat was expected to be repaired and ready to proceed with the expedition the next day.

CUMBERLAND GAP OCCUPIED.

The Secretary of War received a dispatch on 19th from General George W. Morgan, dated at camp near Cumberland Gap, June 18, eight o'clock in the evening, which states that his army commenced its march at one o'clock that morning to attack the enemy at Cumberland Gap; but on their arrival it was found he had evacuated that very important position, his rear-guard having left only about four hours before the arrival of our advance. General Morgan praises the conduct of his division, in its arduous march through an extremely difficult country, and says that his cannon were dragged up the precipitous sides of the Pine and Cumberland mountains by the aid of block and tackle, two hundred men being employed on the ropes of a single piece. In his progress considerable skirmishing with the enemy had taken place; but without any loss on our side. This important position, which has been held by the rebels since the beginning of the war, is now in possession of our troops.

WHERE IS BEAUREGARD?

The latest reports from the vicinity of Corinth state that General Beauregard's army was at Okolona, 80,000 strong. Twenty thousand men, under General Kirby Smith, are at Chattanooga. Fifteen thousand men, under General Price, are at Fulton; and General Van Dorn, with a small force of cavalry, is at Grenada.

The Richmond papers of Saturday publish a dispatch from Montgomery, Alabama, dated the 17th inst., stating that General Beauregard and his staff had arrived there on his way to Richmond, and that a large portion of the army of the Mississippi was to follow him, leaving a considerable force behind under General Bragg.

ANOTHER SKIRMISH ON THE JAMES RIVER.

The rebel batteries at City Point, on the James River, below Fort Darling, opened fire on our fleet on 17th; but the gun-boats returned it so briskly with shell and shrapnel that the batteries were soon silenced, and the rebels retired.

AFFAIRS AT MEMPHIS.

General Lewis Wallace is in military command of Memphis, Tennessee, and has taken possession of the *Argus* office, a notorious rebel sheet. He has placed two competent men to supervise its future editorials. The vicinity of the city is infested with guerrillas, many of whom are engaged in burning cotton in the southern counties of Mississippi and other points. Trade in Memphis is rapidly improving. Boats going north are filled to their utmost capacity with passengers and freight.

AT NEW ORLEANS.

A Union meeting was held on the 14th inst. in the Lyceum, City Hall building, New Orleans, which was attended by all that the room could accommodate, and was addressed by old residents of the city. After the meeting a procession was extemporized, headed by a band of music and the national flag, and proceeded to the head-quarters of General Butler, where three cheers were given, and the General called out to address the crowd. The Stars and Stripes had also been raised at Gretna, on the other side of the river. Business affairs were gradually improving.

EXECUTION OF MUMFORD.

Letters from New Orleans contain an account of the execution of William B. Mumford, the man who pulled down the American flag on the day of the arrival of our fleet before New Orleans, after it had been run up on one of the Government buildings by some of Commodore Farragut's men. The execution was witnessed by a large concourse of people, who, at its conclusion, retired quietly to their homes.

GUERRILLAS IN MISSOURI.

General Schofield has taken stringent measures to repress the guerrillas in Missouri. He has issued an order holding the rebel sympathizers in that State responsible in their property and persons for all damage done to citizens by marauding parties. He announces that $5000 will be exacted for every Union soldier or loyal citizen killed, and from $1000 to $5000 for every one of either class wounded by any guerrilla party. The full value of all the property destroyed will be assessed and collected from the secessionists residing in the locality where the outrage may be committed.

UNIONISM IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Newbern *Progress* states that six regiments in the rebel army from North Carolina have been disbanded at Richmond for their loyalty to the Union, and are at present under guard as traitors to the Jeff Davis bogus Government. Before being disbanded it appears that they hung the brigadier-general who commanded them.

A NEW MILITARY DEPARTMENT.

General Halleck, by General Order No. 33, dated June 12, constitutes the States of Kentucky and Tennessee, east of the Tennessee River, except Forts Henry and Donelson, and such portions of North Alabama and Georgia as are, or may be occupied by our troops, into the District of Ohio, under General Buell, who is ordered to relieve the troops of General Grant's command at Clarksville. The District of West Tennessee will include all that portion of the State west of the Tennessee River, and Forts Henry and Donelson.

NEGRO REGIMENTS.

In answer to a resolution passed several days ago by the House of Representatives, inquiring whether General Hunter had raised a negro regiment, Secretary Stanton says that the Department has no official information on the subject. He further says that General Hunter has not been authorized to raise such a regiment, and that, in order to ascertain whether the information is true, a copy of the House resolution has been transmitted to him to report upon.

PREMIUM TO VOLUNTEERS.

The Secretary of War has issued a bulletin giving effect to the law recently passed by Congress, granting a premium for enlisted men, regular or volunteer, and one month's pay in advance to each recruit.

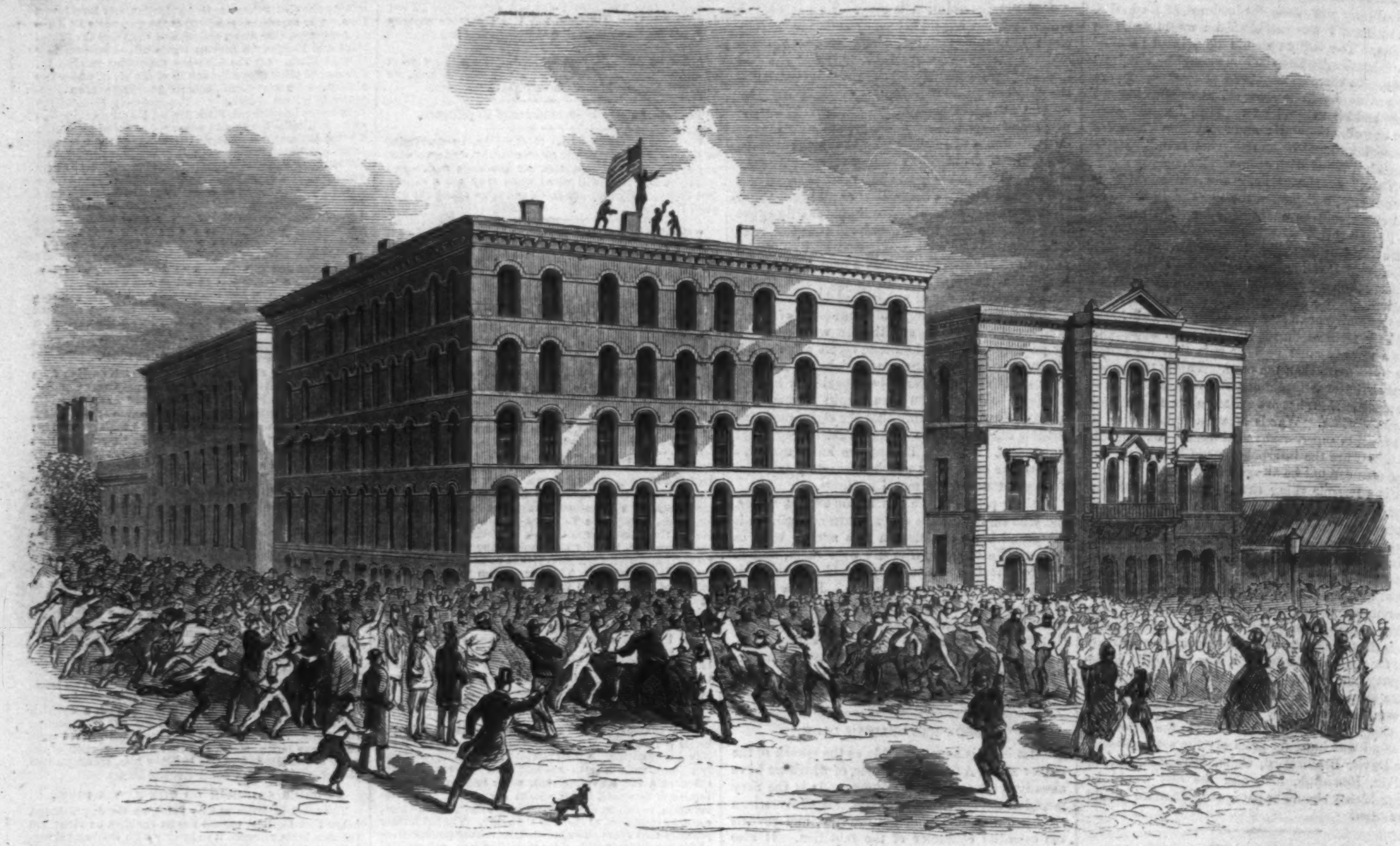
JACK TAR IN LUCK.

Key West correspondence shows that the value of the British and "secesh" ships and cargoes captured by the United States blockading squadron, during the twelve months past, runs up to nearly $2,000,000, an item which will go some length to counterbalance the cost of carrying on the war on the coast, and to recompense our gallant tars.

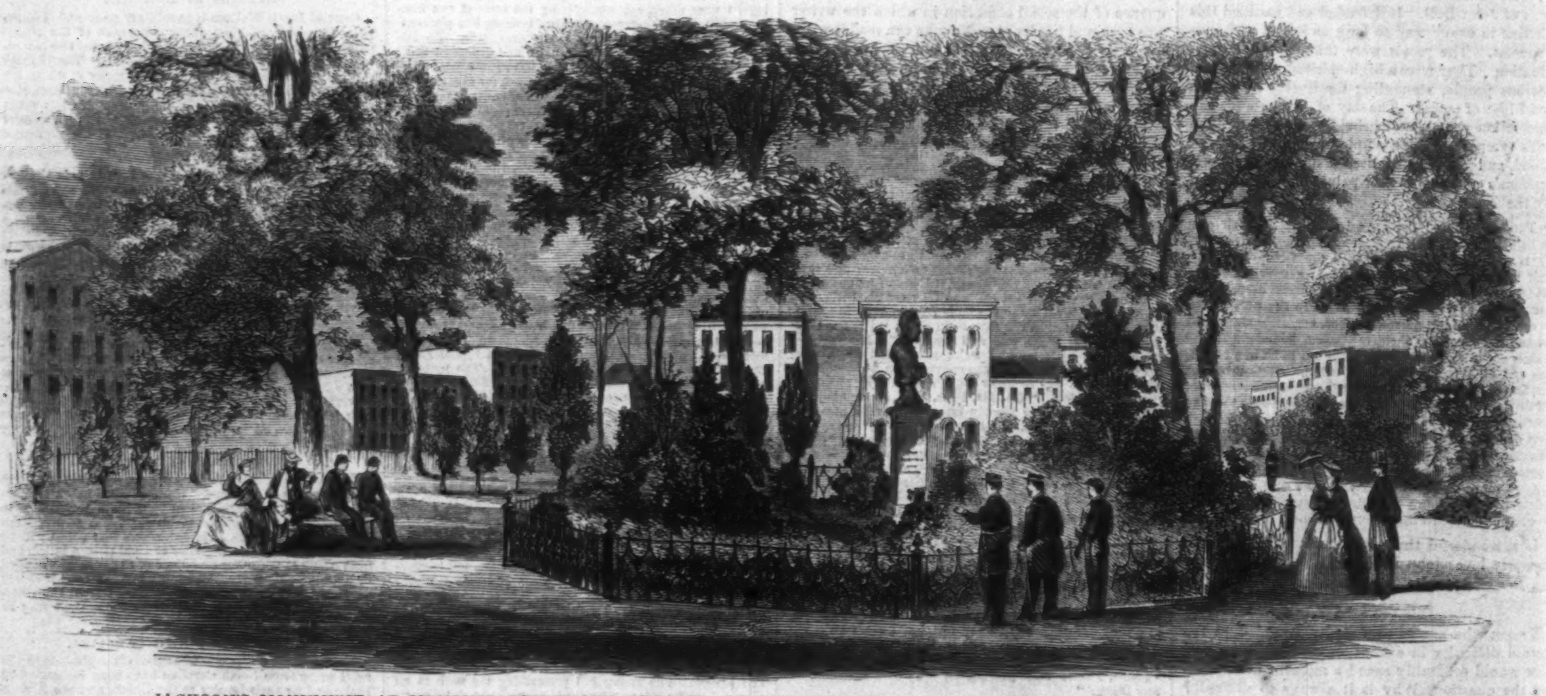
PERSONAL.

An important change has been made in the Medical Staff of the Army of the Potomac by the appointment of Surgeon Litterman, a skillful physician, as Medical Director of General M'Clellan's army.

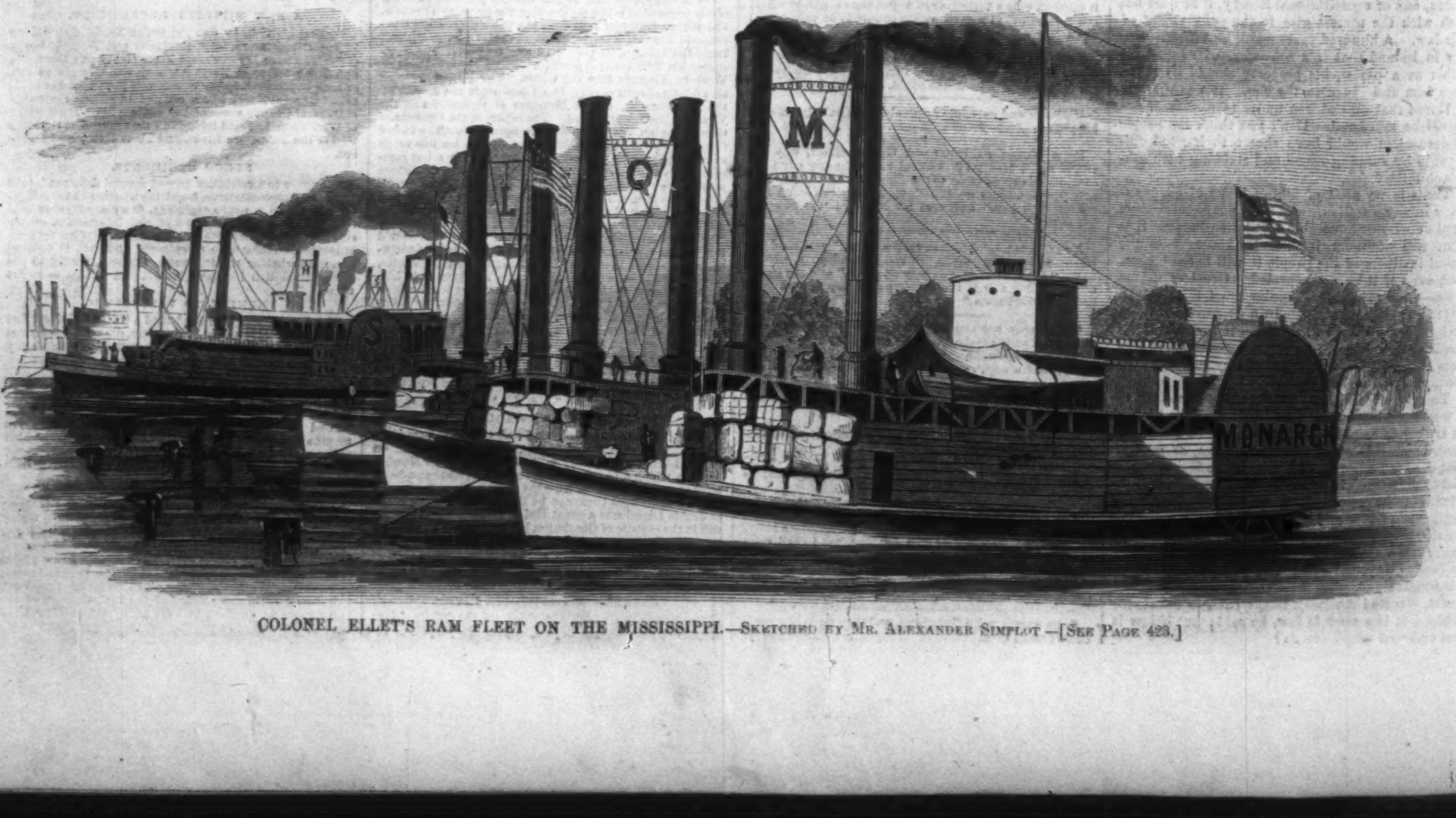
A dispatch from Boston yesterday announced that Pierre Soulé and the late Sheriff of New Orleans had arrived there, and had been confined in Fort Warren. Our local columns, however, contain the account of the incarceration of the two persons in question in Fort Lafayette, in New York harbor.



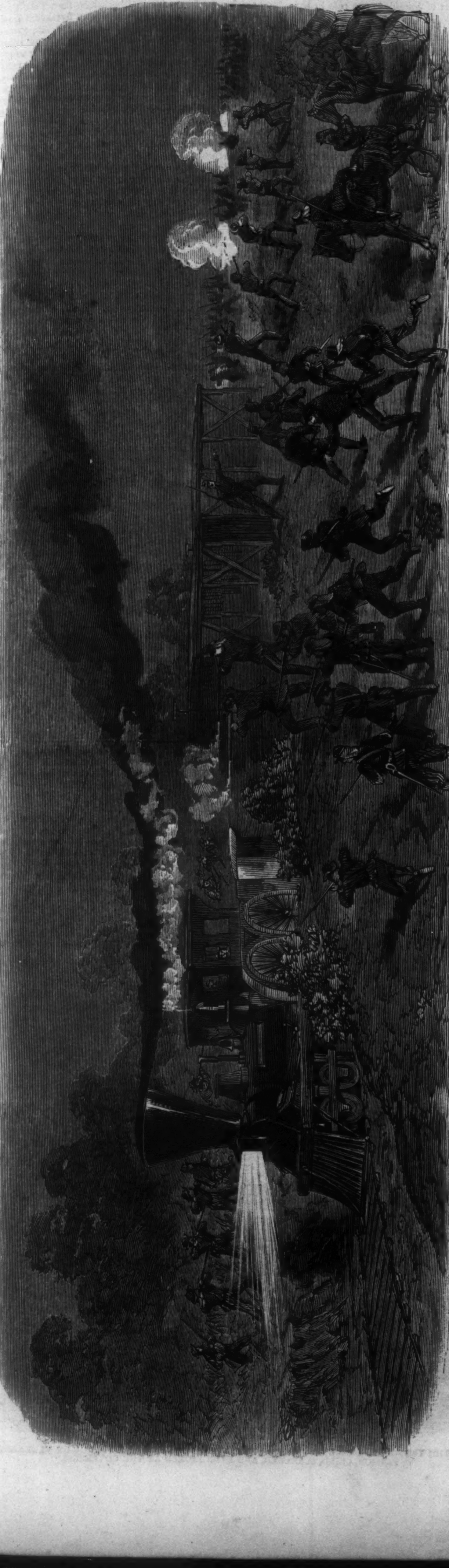
HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE POST-OFFICE AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 423.]



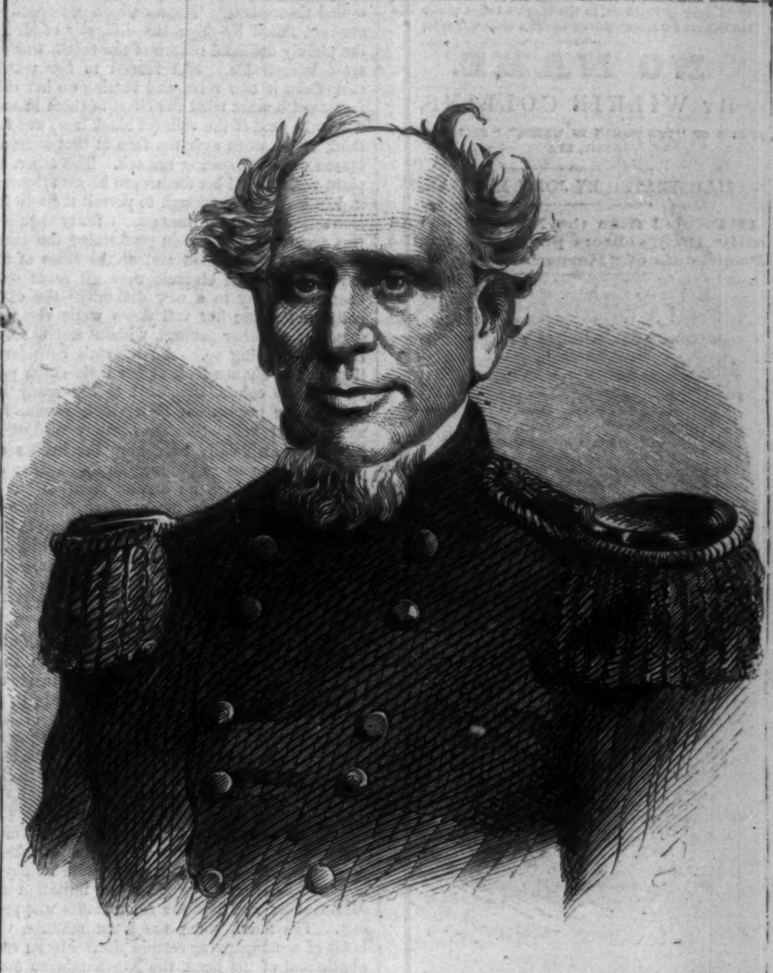
JACKSON'S MONUMENT AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, DEFACED BY THE REBELS.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 423.]



COLONEL ELLET'S RAM FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—Sketched by Mr. Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 423.]



A BAND OF REBELS FIRING INTO THE CARS NEAR TUNSTALL'S STATION, VIRGINIA, JUNE 13, 1862.—Sketched by Mr. Mead.—[See Page 426.]



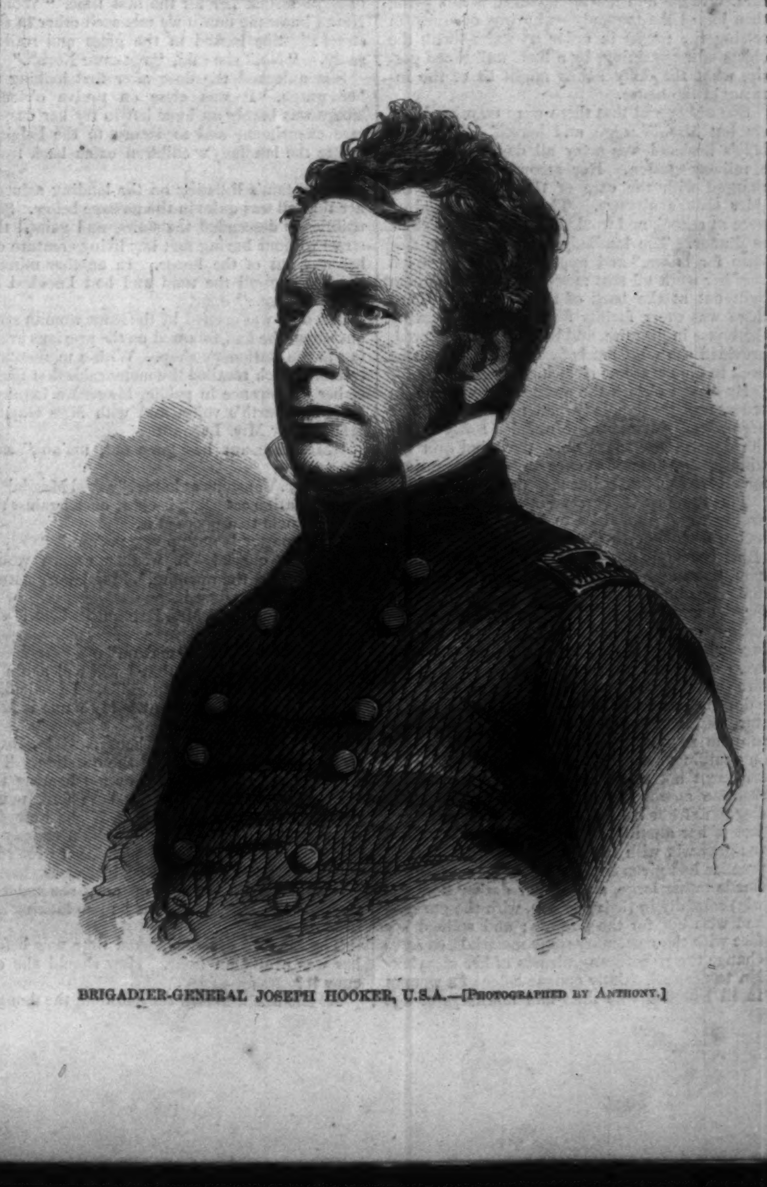
BRIGADIER-GENERAL SILAS CASEY, U.S.A.—Photographed by J. M'Clees, Philadelphia.—[See Page 427.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL HOOKER.

Brigadier-General Joseph Hooker, whose portrait we give below, commands a division of the army of the Potomac, and has distinguished himself exceedingly at the Battle of Fairoaks and the other conflicts of the campaign in Virginia.

He was born in Massachusetts about the year 1817, and is consequently about 45 years of age. He entered West Point in 1833, and graduated in the artillery in 1837. At the outbreak of the war with Mexico he accompanied Brigadier-General Hamer as Aid-de-camp, and was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in several conflicts at Monterey. In March, 1847, he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain. At the National Bridge he distinguished himself, and was brevetted Major; and at Chapultepec he again attracted attention by his gallant and meritorious conduct, and was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

At the close of the war with Mexico he withdrew from the service, and soon afterward emigrated to California. The outbreak of the rebellion found him there, and he was one of the first of the old West Pointers who offered his services to the Government. He was one of the first batch of Brigadier-Generals of Volunteers appointed by President Lincoln on 17th May, 1861; and was, on his arrival, placed in command of a brigade of the army of the Potomac, and subsequently of a division. From July, 1861, to February, 1862, he was stationed in Southern Maryland, on the north shore of the Potomac, his duty being to prevent the rebels crossing the river, and to amuse them with their river blockade while M'Clellan was getting his army into trim. This difficult duty he performed admirably.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, U.S.A.—[Photographed by Anthony.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

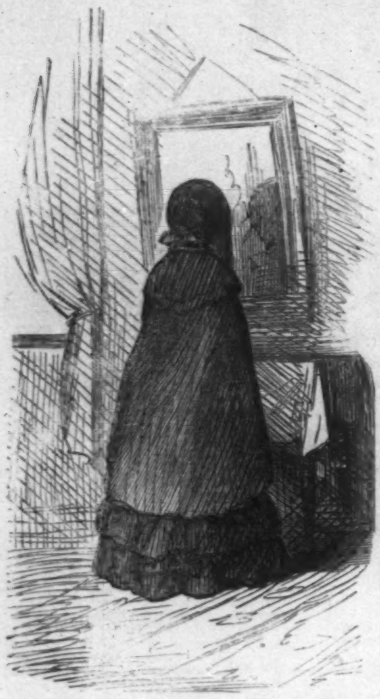
NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER II.

THE early morning, when Magdalen rose and looked out, was cloudy and overcast. But as time advanced to the breakfast hour, the threatening of rain passed away; and she was free to provide, without hindrance from the weather, for the first necessity of the day—the necessity of securing the absence of her traveling companion from the house.

Mrs. Wragge was dressed, armed at all points with her collection of circulars, and eager to be away by ten o'clock. At an earlier hour Magdalen had provided for her being properly taken care of by the landlady's eldest daughter—a quiet, well-conducted girl, whose interest in the shopping expedition was readily secured by a little present of money for the purchase, on her own account, of a parasol and a muslin dress. Shortly after ten o'clock Magdalen dismissed Mrs. Wragge and her attendant in a cab. She then joined the landlady—who was occupied in setting the rooms in order up stairs—with the object of ascertaining, by a little well-timed gossip, what the daily habits might be of the inmates of the house.

She discovered that there were no other lodgers but Mrs. Wragge and herself. The landlady's husband was away all day, employed at a railway station. Her second daughter was charged with the care of the kitchen, in the elder sister's absence. The younger children were at school, and would be back at one o'clock to dinner. The landlady herself "got up fine linen for ladies," and expected to be occupied over her work all that morning, in a little room built out at the back of the premises. Thus there was every facility for Magdalen's leaving the house in disguise, and leaving it unobserved, provided she went out before the children came back to dinner at one o'clock.

By eleven o'clock the apartments were set in order, and the landlady had retired to pursue her own employments. Magdalen softly locked the door of her room, drew the blind over the window, and entered at once on her preparations for the perilous experiment of the day.

The same quick perception of dangers to be avoided, and difficulties to be overcome, which had warned her to leave the extravagant part of her character costume in the box at Birmingham, now kept her mind fully alive to the vast difference between a disguise worn by gaslight, for the amusement of an audience, and a disguise assumed by daylight to deceive the searching eyes of two strangers. The first article of dress which she put on was an old gown of her own (made of the material called "alpaca"), of a dark-brown color, with a neat pattern of little star-shaped spots in white. A double flounce running round the bottom of this dress was the only milliner's ornament which it presented—an ornament not at all out of character with the costume appropriate to an elderly lady. The disguise of her head and face was the next object of her attention. She fitted and arranged the gray wig with the dexterity which constant practice had given her.; fixed the false eyebrows (made rather large, and of hair darker than the wig) carefully in their position, with the gum she had with her for the purpose; and stained her face with the customary stage materials, so as to change the transparent fairness of her complexion to the dull, faintly opaque color of a woman in ill health. The lines and markings of age followed next; and here the first obstacles presented themselves. The art which succeeded by gaslight failed by day; the difficulty of hiding the plainly artificial nature of the marks was almost insuperable. She turned to her trunk, took from it two veils, and putting on her old-fashioned bonnet tried the effect of them in succession. One of the veils (of black lace) was too thick to be worn over the face at that summer season without exciting remark. The other, of plain net, allowed her features to be seen through it, just indistinctly enough to permit the safe introduction of certain lines (many fewer than she was accustomed to use in performing the character) on the forehead and at the sides of the mouth. But the obstacle thus set aside only opened the way to a new difficulty—the difficulty of keeping her veil down while she was speaking to other persons, without any obvious reason for doing so. An instant's consideration, and a chance look at her little china pallet of stage colors, suggested to her ready invention the production of a visible excuse for wearing her veil. She deliberately disfigured herself by artificially reddening the insides of her eyelids, so as to produce an appearance of inflammation which no human creature but a doctor—and that doctor at close quarters—could have detected as false. She sprang to her feet and looked triumphantly at the hideous transformation of herself reflected in the glass. Who could think it strange now if she wore her veil down, and if she begged Mrs. Lecount's permission to sit with her back to the light?

Her last proceeding was to put on the quiet gray cloak which she had brought from Birmingham, and which had been padded inside by Captain Wragge's own experienced hands, so as to hide the youthful grace and beauty of her back and shoulders. Her costume being now complete, she practiced the walk which had been originally taught her as appropriate to the character—a walk with a slight limp—and returning to the glass, after a minute's trial, exercised herself next in the disguise of her voice and manner. This was the only part of the character in which it had been possible, with her physical peculiarities, to produce an imitation of Miss Garth; and here the resemblance was perfect. The harsh voice, the blunt manner, the habit of accompanying certain phrases by an emphatic nod of the head, the Northumbrian *burr* expressing itself in every word which contained the letter "r"—all these personal peculiarities of the old north-country governess were reproduced to the life. The personal transformation thus completed was literally what Captain Wragge had described it to be—a triumph in the art of self-disguise. Excepting the one case of seeing her face close, with a strong light on it, nobody who now looked at Magdalen could have suspected for an instant that she was other than an ailing, ill-made, unattractive woman of fifty years old at least.

Before unlocking the door she looked about her carefully to make sure that none of her stage materials were exposed to view in case the landlady entered the room in her absence. The only forgotten object belonging to her that she discovered was a little packet of Norah's letters which she had been reading overnight, and which had been accidentally pushed under the looking-glass while she was engaged in dressing herself. As she took up the letters to put them away the thought struck her for the first time, "Would Norah know me now if we met each other in the street?" She looked in the glass and smiled sadly. "No," she said, "not even Norah."

She unlocked the door after first looking at her watch. It was close on twelve o'clock. There was barely an hour left to try her desperate experiment and to return to the lodging before the landlady's children came back from school.

An instant's listening on the landing assured her that all was quiet in the passage below. She noiselessly descended the stairs, and gained the street without having met any living creature on her way out of the house. In another minute she had crossed the road and had knocked at Noel Vanstone's door.

The door was opened by the same woman servant whom she had followed on the previous evening to the stationer's shop.. With a momentary tremor, which recalled the memorable first night of her appearance in public, Magdalen inquired (in Miss Garth's voice, and with Miss Garth's manner) for Mrs. Lecount.

"Mrs. Lecount has gone out, ma'am," said the servant.

"Is Mr. Vanstone at home?" asked Magdalen, her resolution asserting itself at once against the first obstacle that opposed it..

"My master is not up yet, ma'am."

Another check! A weaker nature would have accepted the warning. Magdalen's nature rose in revolt against it.

"What time will Mrs. Lecount be back?" she asked.

"About one o'clock, ma'am."

"Say, if you please, that I will call again as soon after one o'clock as possible. I particularly wish to see Mrs. Lecount. My name is Miss Garth."

She turned and left the house. Going back to her own room was out of the question. The servant (as Magdalen knew by not hearing the door close) was looking after her; and, moreover, she would expose herself, if she went indoors, to the risk of going out again exactly at the time when the landlady's children were sure to be about the house. She turned mechanically to the right, walked on until she reached Vauxhall Bridge, and waited there looking out over the river.

The interval of unemployed time now before her was nearly an hour. How should she occupy it?

As she asked herself the question, the thought which had struck her when she put away the packet of Norah's letters rose in her mind once more. A sudden impulse to test the miserable completeness of her disguise mixed with the higher and purer feeling at her heart, and strengthened her natural longing to see her sister's face again, though she dare not discover herself and speak. Norah's later letters had described in the fullest detail her life as a governess—her hours for teaching, her hours of leisure, her hours for walking out with her pupils. There was just time, if she could find a vehicle at once, for Magdalen to drive to the house of Norah's employer, with the chance of getting there a few minutes before the hour when her sister would be going out. "One look at her will tell me more than a hundred letters!" With that thought in her heart—with the one object of following Norah on her daily walk, under protection of the disguise—Magdalen hastened over the bridge and made for the northern bank of the river.

So, at the turning-point of her life—so, in the interval before she took the irrevocable step, and passed the threshold of Noel Vanstone's door—the forces of Good triumphing in the strife for her over the forces of Evil, turned her back on the scene of her meditated deception, and buried her mercifully farther and farther away from the fatal house.

She stopped the first empty cab that passed her; told the driver to go to New Street, Spring Gardens; and promised to double his fare if he reached his destination by a given time. The man earned the money—more than earned it, as the event proved. Magdalen had not taken ten steps in advance along New Street, walking toward St. James's Park, before the door of a house beyond her opened and a lady in mourning came out accompanied by two little girls. The lady also took the direction of the Park, without turning her head toward Magdalen, as she descended the house-step. It mattered little; Magdalen's heart looked through her eyes, and told her that she saw Norah.

She followed them into St. James's Park, and thence (along the Mall) into the Green Park, venturing closer and closer as they reached the grass and ascended the rising ground in the direction of Hyde Park Corner. Her eager eyes devoured every detail in Norah's dress, and detected the slightest change that had taken place in her figure and her bearing. She had become thinner since the autumn; her head drooped a little; she walked wearily. Her mourning dress, worn with the modest grace and neatness which no misfortune could take from her, was suited to her altered station; her black gown was made of stuff; her black shawl and bonnet were of the plainest and cheapest kind. The two little girls walking on either side of her were dressed in silk. Magdalen instinctively hated them.

She made a wide circuit on the grass, so as to turn gradually and meet her sister, without exciting suspicion that the meeting was contrived. Her heart beat fast; a burning heat glowed in her as she thought of her false hair, her false color, her false dress, and saw the dear familiar face coming nearer and nearer. They passed each other close. Norah's dark gentle eyes looked up, with a deeper light in them, with a sadder beauty than of old—rested all unconscious of the truth on her sister's face—and looked away from it again, as from the face of a stranger. That glance of an instant struck Magdalen to the heart. She stood rooted to the ground after Norah had passed by. A horror of the vile disguise that concealed her; a yearning to burst its trammels and hide her shameful painted face on Norah's bosom, took possession of her, body and soul. She turned and looked back.

Norah and the two children had reached the higher ground, and were close to one of the gates in the iron railing which fenced the Park from the street. Drawn by an irresistible fascination, Magdalen followed them again, gained on them as they reached the gate, and heard the voices of the two children raised in angry dispute which way they wanted to walk next. She saw Norah take them through the gate, and then stoop and speak to them, while waiting for an opportunity to cross the road. They only grew the louder and the angrier for what she said. The youngest—a girl of eight or nine years old—flew into a child's vehement passion, cried, screamed, and even kicked at the governess. The people in the street stopped and laughed; some of them jestingly advised a little wholesome correction; one woman asked Norah if she was the child's mother; another pitied her audibly for being the child's governess. Before Magdalen could push her way through the crowd—before her all-mastering anxiety to help her sister had blinded her to every other consideration, and had brought her, self-betrayed, to Norah's side—an open carriage passed the pavement slowly, hindered in its progress by the press of vehicles before it. An old lady seated inside heard the child's cries, recognized Norah, and called to her immediately. The footman parted the crowd, and the children were put into the carriage. It's lucky I happened to pass this way," said the old lady, beckoning contemptuously to Norah to take her place on the front seat; "you never could manage my daughter's children, and you never will." The footman put up the steps—the carriage drove on with the children and the governess—the crowd dispersed—and Magdalen was alone again.

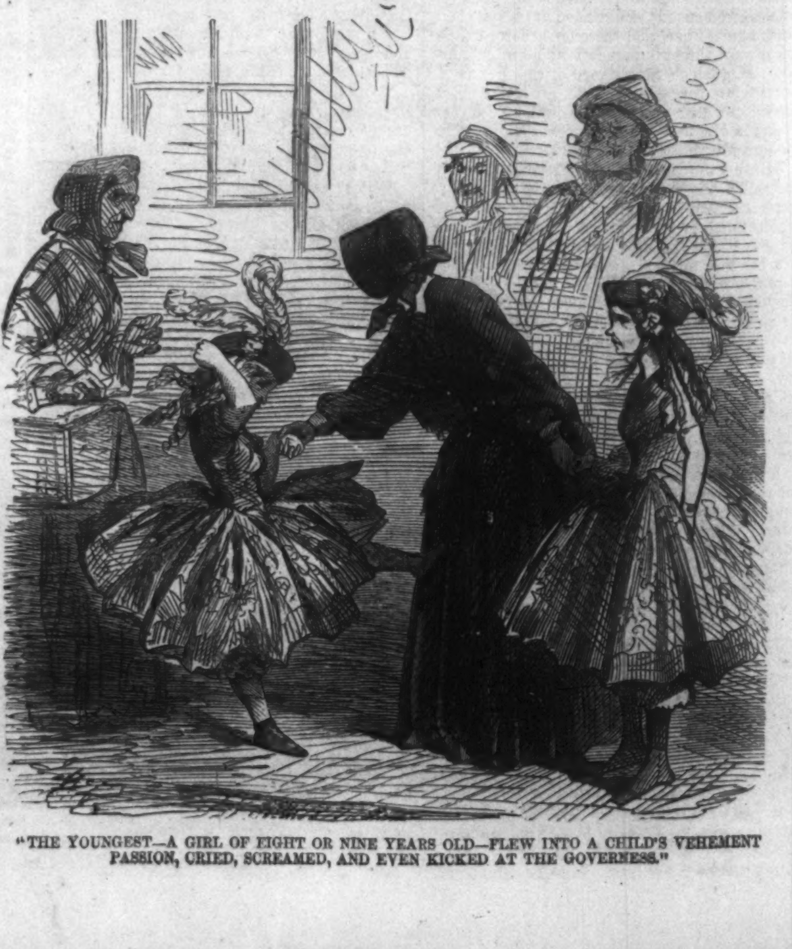
"So be it!" she thought, bitterly. "I should only have distressed her. We should only have had the misery of parting to suffer again."

She mechanically retraced her steps; she returned, as in a dream, to the open space of the Park. Arming itself treacherously with the strength of her love for her sister, with the vehemence of the indignation that she felt for her sister's sake, the terrible temptation of her life fastened its hold on her more firmly than ever. Through all the paint and disfigurement of the disguise, the fierce despair of that strong and passionate nature lowered haggard and horrible. Norah made an object of public curiosity and amusement; Norah reprimanded in the open street; Norah the hired victim of an old woman's insolence and a child's ill-temper—and the same man to thank for it who had sent Frank to China!—and that man's son to thank after him! The thought of her sister, which had turned her from the scene of her meditated deception, which had made the consciousness of her own disguise hateful to her—was now the thought which sanctioned that means, or any means, to compass her end; the thought which set wings to her feet, and hurried her back nearer and nearer to the fatal house.

She left the Park again, and found herself in the streets, without knowing where. Once more she hailed the first cab that passed her, and told the man to drive to Vauxhall Walk.

The change from walking to riding quieted her. She felt her attention returning to herself and her dress. The necessity of making sure that no accident had happened to her disguise, in the interval since she had left her own room, impressed itself immediately on her mind. She stopped the driver at the first pastry-cook's shop which she passed, and there obtained the means of consulting a looking-glass before she ventured back to Vauxhall Walk.

Her gray head-dress was disordered, and the old-fashioned bonnet was a little on one side. Nothing else had suffered. She set right the few defects in her costume and returned to the cab.



"THE YOUNGEST—A GIRL OF EIGHT OR NINE YEARS OLD—FLEW INTO A CHILD'S VEHEMENT PASSION, CRIED, SCREAMED, AND EVEN KICKED AT THE GOVERNESS."

It was half past one when she approached the house and knocked, for the second time, at Noel Vanstone's door. The woman-servant opened it, as before.

"Has Mrs. Lecount come back?"

"Yes, ma'am. Step this way, if you please."

The servant preceded Magdalen along an empty passage, and leading her past an uncarpeted staircase, opened the door of a room at the back of the house. The room was lighted by one window looking out on a yard; the walls were bare; the boarded floor was uncovered. Two bedroom chairs stood against the wall, and a kitchen table was placed under the window. On the table stood a glass tank filled with water, and ornamented in the middle by a miniature pyramid of rock-work interlaced with weeds. Snails clung to the sides of the tank; tadpoles and tiny fish swam swiftly in the green water; slippery efts and slimy frogs twined their noiseless way in and out of the weedy rock-work; and on the top of the pyramid there sat solitary, cold as the stone, brown as the stone, motionless as the stone, a little bright-eyed toad. The art of keeping fish and reptiles as domestic pets had not at that time been popularized in England; and Magdalen, on entering the room, started back in irrepressible astonishment and disgust from the first specimen of an Aquarium that she had ever seen.

"Don't be alarmed," said a woman's voice behind her. "My pets hurt nobody."

Magdalen turned and confronted Mrs. Lecount. She had expected—founding her anticipations on the letter which the housekeeper had written to her—to see a hard, wily, ill-favored, insolent old woman. She found herself in the presence of a lady of mild, ingratiating manners, whose dress was the perfection of neatness, taste, and matronly simplicity; whose personal appearance was little less than a triumph of physical resistance to the deteriorating influence of time. If Mrs. Lecount had struck some fifteen or sixteen years off her real age, and had asserted herself to be eight and thirty, there would not have been one man in a thousand, or one woman in a hundred, who would have hesitated to believe her. Her dark hair was just turning to gray, and no more. It was plainly parted under a spctless lace cap, sparingly ornamented with mourning ribbons. Not a wrinkle appeared on her smooth white forehead or her plump white cheeks. Her double chin was dimpled, and her teeth were marvels of whiteness and regularity. Her lips might have been critically considered as too thin, if they had not been accustomed to make the best of their defects by means of a pleading and persuasive smile. Her large black eyes might have looked fierce if they had been set in the face of another woman: they were mild and melting in the face of Mrs. Lecount; they were tenderly interested in every thing she looked at—in Magdalen; in the toad on the rock-work; in the back-yard view from the window; in her own plump, fair hands, which she rubbed softly one over the other while she spoke; in her own pretty cambric chemisette, which she had a habit of looking at complacently while she listened to others. The elegant black gown in which she mourned the memory of Michael Vanstone was not a mere dress—it was a well-made compliment paid to Death. Her innocent white muslin apron was a little domestic poem in itself. Her jet ear-rings were so modest in their pretensions that a Quaker might have looked at them and committed no sin. The comely plumpness of her face was matched by the comely plumpness of her figure: it glided smoothly over the ground; it flowed in sedate undulations when she walked. There are not many men who could have observed Mrs. Lecount entirely from the Platonic point of view—lads in their teens would have found her irresistible—women only could have hardened their hearts against her, and mercilessly forced their way inward through that fair and smiling surface. Magdalen's first glance at this Venus of the autumn period of female life more than satisfied her that she had done well to feel her ground in disguise before she ventured in matching herself against Mrs. Lecount.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing the lady who called this morning?" inquired the housekeeper. "Am I speaking to Miss Garth?"

Something in the expression of her eyes, as she asked that question, warned Magdalen to turn her face farther inward from the window than she had turned it yet. The bare doubt whether the housekeeper might not have seen her already under too strong a light, shook her self-possession for the moment. She gave herself time to recover it, and merely answered by a bow.

"Accept my excuses, ma'am, for the place in which I am compelled to receive you," proceeded Mrs. Lecount, in fluent English, spoken with a foreign accent. "Mr. Vanstone is only here for a temporary purpose. We leave for the seaside to-morrow afternoon; and it has not been thought worth while to set the house in proper order. Will you take a seat, and oblige me by mentioning the object of your visit?"

She glided imperceptibly a step or two nearer to Magdalen, and placed a chair for her exactly opposite the light from the window. "Pray sit down," said Mrs. Lecount, looking with the tenderest interest at the visitor's inflamed eyes through the visitor's net veil.

"I am suffering, as you see, from a complaint in the eyes," replied Magdalen, steadily keeping her profile toward the window, and carefully pitching her voice to the tone of Miss Garth's. "I must beg your permission to wear my veil down, and to sit away from the light." She said those words feeling mistress of herself again. With perfect composure she drew the chair back into the corner of the room beyond the window; and seated herself, keeping the shadow of her bonnet well over her face. Mrs. Lecount's persuasive lips murmured a polite expression of sympathy; Mrs. Lecount's amiable black eyes looked more interested in the strange lady than ever. She placed a chair for herself exactly on a line with Magdalen's, and sat so close to the wall as to force her visitor either to turn her head a little further round toward the window, or to fail in politeness by not looking at the person whom she addressed. "Yes," said Mrs. Lecount, with a confidential little cough. "And to what circumstance am I indebted for the honor of this visit?"

"May I inquire, first, if my name happens to be familiar to you?" said Magdalen, turning toward her as a matter of necessity—but coolly holding up her handkerchief, at the same time, between her face and the light.

"No," answered Mrs. Lecount, with another little cough, rather harsher than the first. "The name of Miss Garth is not familiar to me."

"In that case," pursued Magdalen, "I shall best explain the object that causes me to intrude on you by mentioning who I am. I lived for many years as governess in the family of the late Mr. Andrew Vanstone, of Combe-Raven, and I come here in the interest of his orphan daughters."

"Mrs. Lecount's hands, which had been smoothly sliding one over the other up to this time, suddenly stopped; and Mrs. Lecount's lips self-forgetfully shutting up, owned they were too thin at the very outset of the interview.

"I am surprised you can bear the light out of doors without a green shade," she quietly remarked, leaving the false Miss Garth's announcement of herself as completely unnoticed as if she had not spoken at all.

"I find a shade over my eyes keeps them too hot at this time of the year," rejoined Magdalen, steadily matching the housekeeper's composure. "May I ask whether you heard what I said just now on the subject of my errand in this house?"

"May I inquire on my side, ma'am, in what way that errand can possibly concern *me?*" retorted Mrs. Lecount.

"Certainly," said Magdalen. "I come to you because Mr. Noel Vanstone's intentions toward the two young ladies were made known to them in the form of a letter from yourself."

That plain answer had its effect. It warned Mrs. Lecount that the strange lady was better informed than she had at first suspected, and that it might hardly be wise, under the circumstances, to dismiss her unheard.

"Pray pardon me," said the housekeeper, "I scarcely understood before; I perfectly understand now. You are mistaken, ma'am, in supposing that I am of any importance, or that I exercise any influence in this painful matter. I am the mouth-piece of Mr. Noel Vanstone; the pen he holds, if you will excuse the expression, nothing more. He is an invalid; and like other invalids he has his bad days and his good. It was his bad day when that answer was written to the young person—shall I call her Miss Vanstone? I will with pleasure, poor girl; for who am I to make distinctions, and what is it to me whether her parents were married or not? As I was saying, it was one of Mr. Noel Vanstone's bad days when that answer was sent, and therefore I had to write it, simply as his secretary, for want of a better. If you wish to speak on the subject of these young ladies—shall I call them young ladies, as you did just now? no, poor things, I will call them the Miss Vanstones.—If you wish to speak on the subject of these Miss Vanstones, I will mention your name, and your object in favoring me with this call, to Mr. Noel Vanstone. He is alone in the parlor, and this is one of his good days. I have the influence of an old servant over him, and I will use that influence with pleasure in your behalf. Shall I go at once?" asked Mrs. Lecount, rising with the friendliest anxiety to make herself useful.

"If you please," said Magdalen, with grateful alacrity; "and if I am not taking any undue advantage of your kindness."

"On the contrary," rejoined Mrs. Lecount, "you are laying me under an obligation—you are permitting me, in my very limited way, to assist the performance of a benevolent action." She bowed, smiled, and glided out of the room.

Left by herself, Magdalen allowed the anger which she had suppressed in Mrs. Lecount's presence to break free from her. For want of a nobler object of attack, it took the direction of the toad. The sight of the hideous little reptile sitting placid on his rock throne, with his bright eyes staring impenetrably into vacancy, irritated every nerve in her body. She looked at the creature with a shrinking intensity of hatred; she whispered at it maliciously through her set teeth. "I wonder whose blood runs coldest," she said, "yours, you little monster, or Mrs. Lecount's? I wonder which is the slimiest, her heart or your back? You hateful wretch, do you know what your mistress is? Your mistress is a devil!"

The speckled skin under the toad's mouth mysteriously wrinkled itself, then slowly expanded again, as if he had swallowed the words just addressed to him. Magdalen started back in disgust from the first perceptible movement in the creature's body, trifling as it was, and returned to her chair. She had not seated herself again a moment too soon. The door opened noiselessly, and Mrs. Lecount appeared once more.

"Mr. Vanstone will see you," she said, "if you will kindly wait a few minutes. He will ring the parlor-bell when his present occupation is at an end, and he is ready to receive you. Be careful, ma'am, not to depress his spirits, or to agitate him in any way. His heart has been a cause of serious anxiety to those about him from his earliest years. There is no positive disease; there is only a chronic feebleness—a fatty degeneration—a want of vital power in the organ itself. His heart will go on well enough if you don't give his heart too much to do—that is the advice of all the medical men who have seen him. You will not forget it, and you will keep a guard over your conversation accordingly. Talking of medical men, have you ever tried the Golden Ointment for that sad affliction in your eyes? It has been described to me as an excellent remedy."

"It has not succeeded in my case," replied Magdalen, sharply. "Before I see Mr. Noel Vanstone," she continued, "may I inquire—"

"I beg your pardon," interposed Mrs. Lecount. "Does your question refer in any way to those two poor girls?"

"It refers to the Miss Vanstones."

"Then I can't enter into it. Excuse me, I really can't discuss these poor girls (I am so glad to hear you call them the Miss Vanstones!) except in my master's presence, and by my master's express permission. Let us talk of something else while we are waiting here. Will you notice my glass Tank? I have every reason to believe that it is a perfect novelty in England."

"I looked at the Tank while you were out of the room," said Magdalen.

"Did you? You take no interest in the subject, I dare say? Quite natural. I took no interest either until I was married. My dear husband—dead many years since—formed my tastes, and elevated me to himself. You have heard of the late Professor Lecomte, the eminent Swiss naturalist? I am his widow. The English circle at Zurich (where I lived in my late master's service) Anglicized my name to Lecount. Your generous country-people will have nothing foreign about them—not even a name—if they can help it. But I was speaking of my husband—my dear husband, who permitted me to assist him in his pursuits. I have had only one interest since his death—an interest in science. Eminent in many things, the Professor was great at reptiles. He left me his Subjects and his Tank. I had no other legacy. There is the Tank. All the Subjects died but this quiet little fellow—this nice little toad! Are you surprised at my liking him? There is nothing to be surprised at. The Professor lived long enough to elevate me above the common prejudice against the reptile creation. Properly understood, the reptile creation is beautiful. Properly dissected, the reptile creation is instructive in the last degree." She stretched out her little finger and gently stroked the toad's back with the tip of it. "So refreshing to the touch!" said Mrs. Lecount. "So nice and cool this summer weather!"

The bell from the parlor rang. Mrs. Lecount rose, bent fondly over the Aquarium, and chirruped to the toad at parting as if it had been a bird. "Mr. Vanstone is ready to receive you. Follow me, if you please, Miss Garth." With these words she opened the door and led the way out of the room.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE EIGHTEENTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY.

Head-quarters Eighteenth Infantry, U. S. A.,
Columbus, Ohio, *June 16, 1862.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

In your *Weekly* of May 31 you publish a sketch purporting to represent the Eighteenth Regular Infantry and their conduct in the reconnoissance at Pea Ridge, near Corinth, April 24, 1862. It is simply a fancy piece reflecting upon a large number of officers and men, but having no foundation in fact.

Sixteen companies of the Eighteenth Infantry, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel O. L. Shepherd, an officer of large experience, are attached to the brigade of General Robert L. M'Cook. The Majors of the two battalions are Major F. Townsend, formerly Colonel of the Third New York Volunteers, an accomplished and brave officer, and Major James M. Caldwell, who for twenty-five years has been an officer of the regular army. Twelve companies of the detachment referred to have been in active service, under General Buell, since November, 1861, and include in their ranks a considerable number of old soldiers, wearing the badges of one, two, and even three five-year enlistments.

General A. J. Smith commanded the reconnoissance. Brigadier-General M'Cook writes to the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, respecting his communication of the same tenor with your own, as follows:

"General A. J. Smith, of General Halleck's staff, who conducted the reconnoissance, assures me that the regiment and officers acted with coolness and courage; that they obeyed all his orders with alacrity and promptness; and did all that was, or could have been expected of them under the circumstances. I was satisfied that the persons from whom you derived your information were mistaken. You will do the officers and men of the regiment an act of justice by making the proper correction in the premises."

The report of the reconnoissance shows that four companies of the Eighteenth were in advance as skirmishers. Lieutenant Mills, Acting-Adjutant Eighteenth Infantry, reported three regiments of the enemy in line of battle within the woods to the front. The Eighteenth were, by order, at a rest—not to move until so ordered, and not to bring on a general engagement. The Eighth Missouri, on the right, and the Seventy-sixth Ohio, on the left, passed into the field behind the skirmishers, but retired by order, leaving the Eighteenth Infantry in its assigned position. Captain Granger, reporting the movement, writes: "When these regiments moved forward, supposing it was done by order of General Smith, there was much grumbling through the lines at what we considered a slight, in permitting them to pass us. But Lieutenant-Colonel Shepherd immediately marched us by the flank through their interval to cover our skirmishers, when we halted, by order of General Smith, and 'the armed reconnoissance' was over."

When it is remembered that in nearly every case during the war, where regiments have been accused of cowardice, the subsequent inquiry has shown that great injustice has been done to worthy and true men by this indiscriminate and hasty criticism, the idea is suggested that it might be as just and patriotic to have even a little later intelligence for the public, and thereby save the honor and fair fame of the deserving, as well as secure the facts.

Believing your desire is to do substantial justice, though I doubt the value to the country of publishing any rumors derogatory to the American army in advance of investigation—or, at least, before inquiry of the commanding officer as to the facts, I am, yours, etc.,

Henry B. Carrington,
Colonel Eighteenth Infantry, U.S.A.

[The drawing referred to in the above letter came to us from a valued correspondent, Mr. James F. Gookins. He will doubtless settle the questions of fact involved with Colonel Carrington.—Ed. *H. W.*]

MEMPHIS UNDER THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Our old subscribers in Memphis, Tennessee, who have so long been deprived of *Harper's Weekly* by the insane rebellion of the secessionists, will probably not be sorry to find some illustrations of their city in our pages this week. We publish on page 417 an illustration of the Movement of Sugar and Cotton on the Levee, a sight which had not been seen at Memphis for many a day before; and on page 420 a view of the Jackson Monument, defaced by some rascally rebel; of the Stars and Stripes being hoisted over the Post-office; and of Colonel Ellet's Ram Flotilla.

SOUTHERN PRODUCE MOVING.

The rebels burned all the produce they could find. But a good deal escaped them, and is coming out of hiding-places. The Memphis *Avalanche* says:

> Independent of the boats, armed and unarmed, of the Federal fleet, transports are going from and coming to our wharf in such a way as to awaken a dim memory of the good old times. The *Perry* started this evening heavily laden with sugar and cotton. An unusual degree of animation prevails about the levee, and the echoes of the mallet has again awakened the echo of the bluff. Heaven knows we need a revival of trade sadly.

The *Herald* correspondent writes:

> Business in Memphis is falling into its old channels. The *J. D. Perry*, of the St. Louis and Memphis Steamboat Line, left last evening with a full freight of sugar, and a boat will start for Cairo to-day laden with a fine supply of cotton. Drays are already crowding the levee, and cotton and sugar are coming out of their places of concealment in unlooked-for abundance. A boat came in yesterday from St. Louis laden to the guards with supplies for the Memphis market.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

> More and more cotton and sugar is being discovered daily in and around Memphis, and I have seen numerous parties who boast of their adroitness in outwitting the minions of the Confederacy, showing the Southern staples as proofs of their cleverness. A number of flat-boats loaded with New Orleans sugar are now lying at the mouth of Wolf River, having been brought down the stream since the occupation of the city, and will be sold by the owners to the highest bidder. In various garrets and cellars cotton and sugar have developed themselves in considerable quantities, and still more will come to light during the coming fortnight.

The *World* correspondent says:

> In three days we have had a dozen steamboats partially loaded with goods, groceries, clothing, etc. The goods have been landed and stored, and the boats are loading up with cotton, sugar, and molasses for their return trip. For the present the purchases are, of course, limited to the bare wants of the consumers, for the reason that the currency is still unsettled.
>
> The stocks of many articles have been exhausted. Drugs, tea, coffee, liquors, and articles of fine dress have attained unheard-of prices. Fire-arms and powder can not be had for money. The rule of the Southern authorities and the stringency of the blockade has so worked upon the people that for the most part they are glad to be admitted once more as partakers of our industry.

A telegram to the press, dated Memphis, June 17, *via* Cairo, June 18, says:

> The shipments north up to-day have been—Cotton, 3000 bales; molasses, 5000 barrels, 3000 half barrels; sugar, 6000 barrels. There was much coming in yesterday.

A correspondent of the *World* tells the following story, which illustrates the atrocious oppression practiced by the cotton-burners, and the feeling of some of the planters. The scene occurred in Louisiana:

> The cotton-burners came, they saw, they departed.
>
> "I have come to burn your cotton, Sir."
>
> "By what authority?"
>
> "By the authority of General Beauregard."
>
> "You will not burn my cotton."
>
> "We *will* burn your cotton."
>
> "Go about it then. But it is my opinion, gentlemen, that you will not burn it."
>
> "What do you propose to do? You don't mean to say that you will show any opposition to our authority?"
>
> "I simply mean to say that you will not burn my cotton. Bob, bring a coal of fire."
>
> The fire is brought.
>
> "Gentlemen, there is the fire, and yonder are one hundred bales of cotton. Proceed."
>
> "Your conduct is very extraordinary, Sir. I should like to know what you mean."
>
> "Well, Sir, I mean that if you attempt to burn that cotton I will scatter your brains so far and wide that no power in heaven or earth can bring them together again. Here, boys, that cotton is yours; defend it or starve."
>
> "D—d strange conduct," mutters Mr. Officer, sullenly. "We'll attend to your case, Sir. We are going down the river; we will give you a visit on our return."
>
> "Do. Whenever you make up your mind to burn my cotton, by all means come and burn."
>
> The cowed officer and his posse "fell back in good order." The valiant Louisianian saved his cotton. He has had no second visit from Beauregard's cotton-burners.
>
> I have yet to hear of an instance of voluntary submission to this cruel cotton "order" of Beauregard. In thousands of cases remonstrance, threats of men, and tears of women and children were of no avail.

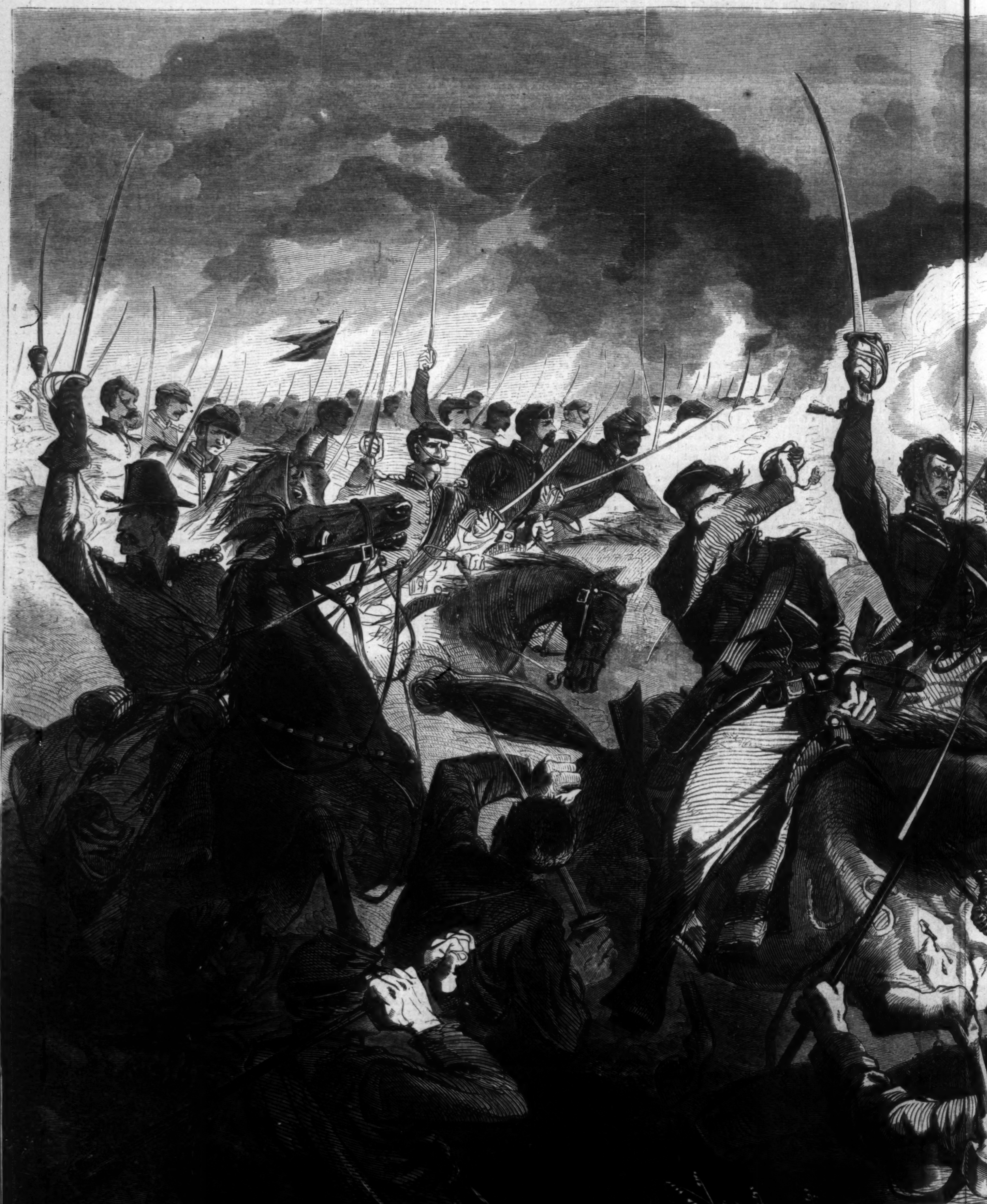
THE JACKSON MONUMENT.

The *Herald* correspondent says:

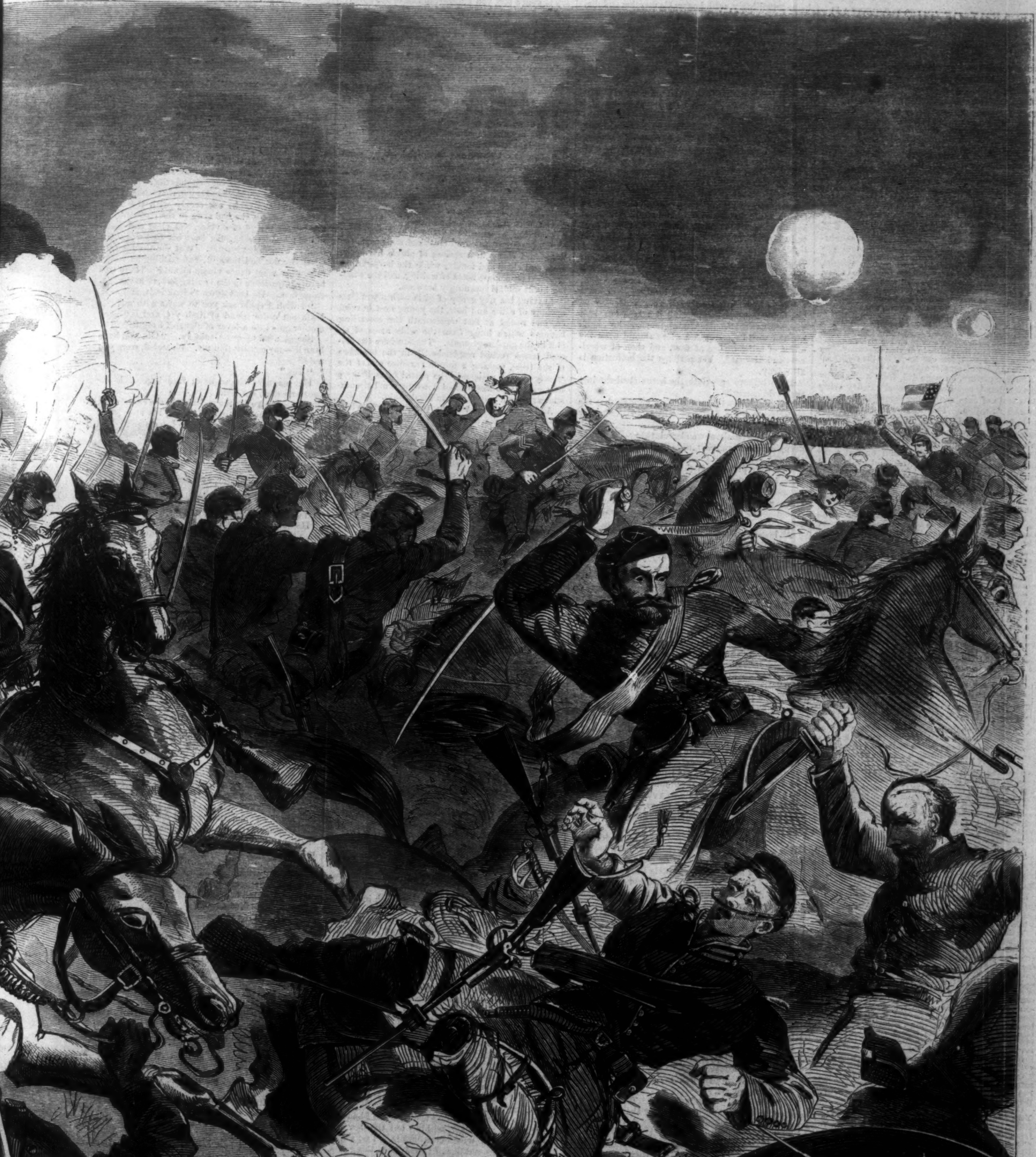
> Walking into Jackson Park I approached the statue of Jackson, which occupies the centre of the green. It is inclosed by a circular iron fence, and ornamented by carefully trained shrubbery. The bust of the old hero of New Orleans is placed on the top of a plain shaft of marble, seven or eight feet in height. On the northern face of the shaft is the inscription—
>
> THE FEDERAL UNION:
> IT MUST BE PRESERVED!
>
> The word "Federal" and the first two letters of "Union" have been chipped by some rampant rebel, presenting an appearance as if a small hammer had been several times struck across the obnoxious words. It was a very feeble attempt at defacement of the words that grated harshly on treason's ear.

COLONEL ELLET'S RAMS.

These vessels, which proved so effective at the Battle of Memphis, are mostly old river boats, strengthened at the bow with heavy timber, and shielded with iron. They cost about $25,000 to $30,000, and can be kept afloat and in service for about $15,000 a month. Thus far they have proved more than a match for the most effective class of gun-boats, and will hereafter take a leading place in naval warfare.



THE WAR FOR THE UNION, 1862-



62—A CAVALRY CHARGE.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We publish this week several illustrations of the Army of the Potomac from sketches by Mr. Mead of Vermont. One of them, on page 428, represents the desperate struggle which took place, during the battle of Fairoaks, around Ricketts, now Kirby's Battery. The *Herald* correspondent wrote:

> While Lieutenant Kirby's battery was being placed in position, the enemy came out in force and made a desperate attempt to capture it. It was the same artillery company which Captain Ricketts commanded at Bull Run when the pieces were captured.
>
> It was formerly the now rebel General Magruder's battery. He evidently recognized the colors of the company, and the prisoners we have captured say he swore he would have that battery. He ordered an immediate and desperate charge. The rebels came within twenty yards, when they poured a destructive fire into our ranks. The fire and the effect for a few moments were terrific. The cannoneers were driven from their pieces; horses plunged and reared, while some fell in the traces, killed or wounded; others dashed off with caissons, but the generals present at this critical moment and exciting scene dashed forward, swords in hand, the gunners sprang forward also, and, "quick as lightning," manned their pieces. The supporting-regiment, which had for a moment wavered, though its colonel and other valuable officers had fallen, now rallied, and they were greeted with a tremendous shower of fire, which caused them to fall back in great disorder. It was at that latest fire from the enemy that Colonel Riker, of the Sixty-second New York, was killed. As he was advancing he said, "We have some cold steel to give them, boys," and then he fell mortally wounded in the body. The Thirty-first Pennsylvania and the Chasseurs were doing excellent service on the right, and had already performed their share in driving the enemy away from our artillery. Before our deadly fire the enemy fell back, and General Magruder did not get his battery.

Another picture, on page 421, from a sketch by the same hand, represents the rebel cavalry firing into a train of cars containing wounded men near Tunstall's Station. This deed was done by that band of rebel cavalry, who, under General Stuart, made a daring swoop on the rear of General M'Clellan's army on the night of 13th, killed a number of teamsters and horses, stole and burned some stores and a couple of schooners, and made good their retreat without loss. General M'Clellan's account of the affair is as follows:

> The rebels, after driving from Old Church a squadron of the Fifth Cavalry, proceeded to Garlick's Landing, on the Pamunky River, about four miles above the White House, where they burned two schooners and some wagons, and drove off the mules. Here their conduct is represented as barbarous, having killed several of our teamsters without any necessity. Those who failed to make their escape were taken prisoners. From here they proceeded to Tunstall's Station, four miles from White House, with a view of burning the railroad bridge. A train which was passing down at the time was fired into, killing two and wounding several. A colonel belonging to the Excelsior Brigade was there taken prisoner, but succeeded in making his escape during the night. A paymaster jumped from the train and hid himself in the woods until morning, leaving $125,000 in the cars. The train never stopped, but passed on to the White House. After destroying the telegraph wire at this point, they proceeded to Baltimore Cross Roads, near New Kent Court House on their way to Richmond, crossing the Chickahominy, between Bottom's Bridge and the James River, about two o'clock this morning. The force that accomplished this was composed of fifteen hundred cavalry and six pieces of artillery, under General Stuart, most of whom were residents of this locality.

The rebel account of the affair, from the Richmond *Dispatch*, reads thus:

> Upon approaching the railroad, cars were heard advancing and the whistle sounded. By orders every man was instantly dismounted and ranged beside the track. Again the whistle blew, and thinking the force to be a friendly one perhaps, the steam was stopped, when the Caroline troop opening fire, disclosed the ruse, and, putting on steam again, on sped the train toward the Chickahominy, and despite heavy logs placed on the track, made good its escape; but the carriages being but uncovered freight trucks, and having soldiers on them, the slaughter that ensued was frightful. Many of the enemy jumped from the train and were afterward captured or killed, to the number of twenty or more. The engineer was shot dead by Lieutenant Robinson.

On page 428 we reproduce a sketch by Mr. Mead, representing a very remarkable accident which lately took place in the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Mead writes:

> "A very sad and singular accident occurred in Captain Wheeler's Battery, General Smith's Division, near Richmond, about two o'clock on the morning of the 3d of June. A heavy thunder-storm had been raging from the west for some time, and had apparently almost spent its force. The tents of the men consisted of paulins or gun-covers stretched on sticks and rails, and were placed on a line between the guns and caissons. The sentries perceived a dark cloud sweeping from the west at a very low elevation, and as it passed over the park a terrific discharge of the electric fluid took place. The whole battery seemed enveloped in a sheet of flame. All of the sentries but one, the corporal of the guard, and the horses were knocked down. The flame seemed to strike one of the guns, leaped from thence to the supports of the tent, passing downward, and stunning and burning or partially paralyzing a whole platoon of twenty men. One, Corporal James Bryant, of Bath, New York, gunner of the left piece, an intelligent and brave young man, was instantly killed; the others in that tent, although rendered senseless for the time being, with the exception of three or four, were able to do duty the next day. The electric fluid passed under the rubber blanket of one man, lifting him several inches from the ground. Some had legs and arms partially paralyzed. Providentially the ammunition chests were not touched.
>
> Captain Wheeler's battery belongs to the First New York Artillery, organized by the lamented Colonel G. D. Bailey, and was engaged at Dam No. 1 before Yorktown, where a shell from the enemy exploded one of the ammunition chests, at Lee's Mills, at Williamsburg with Hancock's brigade, and at Mechanicsville with General Davidson. The men are unanimous in the belief that lightning is harder to beat than the rebels.

ONE OF OUR HEROES.

The soft, clear notes of the French horns began toning out one of Chopin's wild mazurkas, sounds like a lark's song, thrilling and sweet; and presently rang in the reedy vibrant harp threads, the fine carol of the flute, the gay greeting of the viol, then the clang of the cymbals, and "the kettle-drums throbbed proudly."

It was the night of Mrs. Shannon Grey's famous fête. All the world was there; that is, all the world of Mrs. Shannon Grey—a gay, great world enough indeed on that night even for that lady's ambition.

A famous fête given in honor of her son—in honor and happy jubilation, for Shannon Grey was a hero at Shannon Hill. And he deserved it. Wounded at Manassas, taken prisoner at Leesburg, released, and returned again to share in the victory of Roanoke; he shared, too, in its suffering, and came home unwillingly, with honorable mention and discharge, to nurse a shattered limb and a wasted body back to life, if not to health again. A splendid natural physique had worked the wonder which no one had dared to expect; and on the first of May he found himself once more an able man, and by all indications on the road to the old perfection of strength.

And this recovery Mrs. Shannon Grey was now celebrating while the month was yet in its first days of May-bloom. For this she had decked Shannon Hill with triumphal banners and fluttering flags, turning the lawns and garden into a fairy land of illumination, and invoking the presence of the lovely and the brave.

A hero! Perhaps you don't think he carries out the idea very forcibly as you see him now—a tall, slight-looking young man, rather superb in his air, slowly pulling off a violet-colored glove from a white hand, and the hand sending forth an amethystine glitter where a ring of strange device is lurking. And all the time he is talking the lightest nonsense in the most graceful though self-assured manner to a lady by his side. Perhaps you think him a trifle supercilious. Perhaps under that charm of grace you fancy you see a cool, unpromising disregard, and a lordly sort of indifference which verges on self-love. This may be the indication; and supposing it a true one, is it very strange that constant adulation from his cradle up, the world's pomp and glory should have the effect of self-centring at first, and then of weariness and disgust? Yet perhaps the indication is all astray.

But while we speculate the horns steal out into that wild mazurka.

"Hark!" And Shannon Grey actually has the audacity to lift a finger of silence to the pretty lady's talk there.

"Hark!—that's a wonderful thing—beads of dropping water and distant bells. Don't you hear them?"

The lady patted a little foot impatiently, beat time to the music with a black fan on a white snow-drift of an arm, and—wished that Shannon Grey would remember what mazurka measures meant. She heard no beads of water, nor distant bells in the swelling sounds.

At last he remembers. A long sigh, a gaze that comes back from some invisible field of fancy, and he puts out a hand.

"Come."

Slightly autocratical you think, and your impressions return with full force; but see how the lady takes it. A brilliant smile, a ready hand to meet his, and they go whirling off into the circling mazes.

If he is spoiled, who spoiled him? Who made him autocratical and self-centred?

And while you ponder this question on this suggestion, Mrs. Shannon Grey comes up with an anxious face, in which is a gleam of anger.

"That Clara Snyder to set him dancing on that weakened limb!" and, breaking her indignant soliloquy short, she sent out a flutter of handkerchief for a signal of distress. So on the second round the young gentleman slid into a walk, with the words,

"Dear Lady Clara, my good mamma is in some dire perplexity, which only her graceless son can settle, evidently. She has been hanging out flags of distress for the last three minutes. You know it breaks my heart to leave you!" And he relinquished the "dear Lady Clara," with the most beaming smile, to a glittering young officer who stood conveniently near.

And the good mamma fell upon him with caution and reproof, all of which he turned a heedless ear to—listening, instead, to the beads of dropping water and the distant bells in that wild mazurka of Chopin's. The lady caught the heedless look. A little shake of the arm she held and a sharper tone brought him back.

"Shannon, why will you not listen? Dr. Belmont says that the knee is yet weak, and that you *must* not use it needlessly; and there you were whirling round with that romp of a Clara Snyder! How could you?"

"My dear little mamma"—Mrs. Grey's avoirdupois was a long break into the second hundred, and the stateliest woman in the room—"my dear little mamma, how could you invite such a vulgar personage as a grown-up romp?"

"What ever are you thinking of, Shannon? She is Rensselaer Snyder's daughter! There isn't better blood, you know."

"Oh! I beg pardon. I forgot for a moment. Of course, whatever she does is fine!"

"Now, Shannon, you are sneering. I know that innocent air."

"Innocent! Is it innocent? Three young ladies told me to-night that they thought I was a delightfully-wicked fellow."

"Shannon!"

"They really did, mamma. 'Delightfully-wicked'—that was the phrase; and they said it with a series of little giggles, and a flirting of little red fans. Now isn't it a temptation for any young fellow to forswear innocence when such charming creatures declare for wickedness in this hilarious manner?"

"Come, Shannon, leave your sarcasm and those silly girls; by-the-way, they spoil you, Shan—"

"To be sure they do—make me conceited and vain—an insolent, insufferable, young puppy; and they think it's very fine. There isn't better blood, you know, than the Shannon Greys! Then the taxes, mamma. Bah! how vulgar I am." And with a sudden real look—a look of disgust and disdain—he flung the flower Miss Snyder had decked his button-hole with out of an open window.

And then his mother returned to the point of attack. "Now, Shannon, do remember. You run great risks, you know; don't trifle with your coming strength. I should so hate to see you limping round all your life! It would quite ruin your splendid figure. You're a perfect Shannon!—all my family have just that tall, erect figure. I can't bear to think of its becoming any thing less. You are the only son, you know—the last of the name; and you must be careful that you don't do it discredit."

The look of disdain settled into something inscrutable. No anger, but a tired, haggard expression, as it were; and the eyes went searching off again into invisible distances, listening to the beads of dropping water, the distant bells.

"Remember"—came the motherly caution once more, as they neared a group of girls—"remember that by one waltz, perhaps, to-night you lose your chance of waltzing forever."

"And my chance of serving my country too," he said, in a low voice.

"How absurd you are, Shannon! Why can't you be serious?"

What could Mrs. Grey want? There couldn't well be a graver face, a more serious air, than her son's presented then; but perhaps she knew "his ways," and this was one of them.

The wild mazurka had changed by this into a soft sliding waltz—one of the Weber wonders: close clinging chords and clustered semitones, the flute-tones rising in a species of single harmony, aloft and clear and lonely, while the harp-strings threaded passionate notes of wailing, and the winding horns sobbed meaningly between.

Leaving the gay group of girls with a wordless apology of smile and bow, the young host hurried on, and rested at last underneath the spreading banners which hung from the wide arms of an elm in the garden-grounds. There, where the colored lamps rocked resplendently in the branches of the trees, making a mimic paradise out of the "leafy tide of greenery," he seated himself more like a man who was hunted down by cruel circumstances than a young lord in his domain.

And the horns and harps, the flutes and viols, the silver shocks of cymbals, and the melodious roll of the kettle-drums wafted out to him in softened cadences. Perhaps as he listened he heard again the beads of dropping water, the distant bells, for the face smoothed itself into placid calm.

Beads of dropping water and distant bells. Hark! This was not it. He listens, and hears a fine, sweet undertone weaving words into the flute-tones—a voice like a bird on bough, singing solely for its own pleasure; words sweet as the music changes—a dulcet flow of soft syllables, strung liquidly together—a perfect dryad's song, suited to the hour.

The listener kept breathless silence. The night was still: not a leaf stirred; not a branch or blade rustled: only the distant clangor of the musicians, and the near trill of this wood-nymph strain. It ceased with the last winding flute-notes; and then, from some dainty perch, the nymph alighted on the smooth sward—a dark, slight figure, in a mantle of green.

The concealed watcher laughed inaudibly, with secret glee. Clearly it was a veritable dryad; the color was orthodox—a mantle of green. From what tree did she slip? He had half a fancy to call out to her, but changing his mind, followed softly in her fleet footsteps. Entering the door of a side-hall, he saw her disappear up the broad stairway, and turned himself away by a shrouding curtain-fall to wait.

A moment, and she came again, the mantle of green laid aside—a dark, slight figure in her attire—floating lace of black—but a white lily in flesh-tints. He let her pass in, and then following closely, sought his mother. The stately lady stood talking blandly with the best blood in the country, Rensselaer Snyder.

The son put his head down at the back of her ear with a whisper,

"Who and what is she, little mamma?"

The bland sentences arrested in surprise.

"We were talking of Mr. Snyder's niece, Mrs. Dupont, Shannon," was the warning answer; and Mrs. Grey thought the boy had been taking too much wine.

The "boy" shook his black locks with impatient merriment.

"No, no; I mean the dryad—the small white elf there, in black, with a diamond star at her throat."

"Oh! some one that came with the Lovells—their cousin, I believe, a Miss Dane."

He drew her hand over his arm in his willful way, and said, for apology to Mr. Snyder,

"You must come and present me to the young lady, mother. I ran against her just now in the hall, and must make my excuses."

"If you had been at your post earlier in the evening, Shannon, you would not have missed her. But where have you been all this time?"

"Listening to a nightingale—a bird on the bough, mamma. And I saw it fly down from its perch in a plumage of green and flutter in at your door. It was either that or a dryad. Do dryads sing, mamma?"

"You've been drinking Champagne, Shannon."

"No, on my honor, nothing but the dew from the wood. The wine of the dryads. Yes, she has fed upon lilies and dew, I perceive—nothing else."

"My son, Miss Dane," and the gracious lady, with a word or two of affable courtesy, moved away, leaving the "son" to "make his excuses"—mythical excuses!

To the self-possessed young autocrat a new feeling had come—half embarrassment and half uncertainty. And all because the small white elf in black bowed to his rather elaborate greeting with a simple, slow bend of honest indifference. He had made not the least impression on her. She looked at him as blankly as if he had been a block of wood. Then she had one of those provoking exteriors which seem by air and expression to signify an unconscious self-isolation. Her very naturalness was sure evidence.

Shannon Grey had met a new experience. Where should he begin with her?

His native audacity at length came to his aid.

"Did you wet your feet in the grass?" he asked, demurely.

She waited a moment to wonder, then remembrance came, and with it a little low laugh like a tinkle of bells.

"No, I ran quickly," she answered. "How did you see me?"

"I was wrapped in a banner out there, and heard a song. A dryad slipped its bark and came forth. I knew it by its mantle of green," he replied, gravely.

The cool face began to wake to enjoyment. These fancies suited the girl's nature.

"Yes, it was an ash," she answered, slyly.

"'Young ashes pirouetted down,
Coquetting with young beeches.'

I didn't find my beech, however."

"He followed you in," was the swift, smiling response.

"Oh, is that it?"

He didn't half like the laughing ease with which she took his fine speeches, but she had an odd charm for him for her very singularity.

And here again the band began that same Weber waltz, and she broke out archly with the sweet humming words she had sung in the garden—just the lowest thread of a voice, yet clear and intelligible; and ceasing, she beat her foot upon the floor in rhythmic measure. Was she thinking, as Clara Snyder had thought, and wishing he would remember what dance music meant? There was hardly impatience in the beating foot, or in the listening face. He bent down to look in it, and said,

"I wish I could ask you to waltz with me, but I am not quite sound of limb yet, and my good mother gets into a fever of alarm if I try it."

She glanced up questioningly. "Oh, you have been ill—my cousins told me. Wounded, were you not?"

"Yes."

Her manner changed now; from impassible she became eager, earnest.

"I don't care for the waltzing!" she exclaimed; "but if you are not tired of telling the story, talk to me about the battle. I am so interested!" And her eyes lit, and her cheek kindled color.

"Which battle?"

"Which? How many have you seen, Mr. Grey?"

"I was at Manassas, at Leesburg, and at Roanoke."

She clapped her hands together applaudingly, and with a real gesture of delight.

Half an hour ago Shannon Grey would have fled from the "pretty interest" of the young ladies of his acquaintance in disdain. But this interest was so real, so intense, that he went back to the old scenes with a thrilling pulse. Her clear, intelligent questions, her magnetic sympathy led him freely on; and he told his last and largest experience—the battle at Roanoke, with its splendid victory—in accents of enthusiasm, which roused all the slumbering fire in those watchful, eager eyes upturned to his.

"And it was here I got my worst wound," he went on. "It was just at the last, when I was leading my men on to the final attack, and they were already shouting with triumph, when I felt a shock, a trickle of something icy and stinging, no pain at first, nor until long after—then another shot, and my horse fell under me, carrying me down. There I got the ugly crush which made the wound ten times worse; but I'm all right now," he added, with a blush and a laugh at the personalities he had been betrayed into by the swift sympathy of his companion.

"Ah, but you should have seen the endurance, the uncomplaining courage of our men on that campaign," he proceeded, with glistening eyes. "One poor fellow falling near me, I stooped to give him aid if I could, and he cried out, 'Never mind me, Captain, turn me on my side and go on. I shall soon be where it's all right, and our men will make it all right here.' Another had lost his cap, shot off by a musket-ball, which inflicted a flesh wound, and with his head bound up with his handkerchief, which was dripping blood, he pressed on with undaunted courage."

As he paused, she said:

"And you went again, and yet again to these bloody fields. I like that—it shows persistence, earnestness, determination. I believe in the meaning of those men who return after their first battle, and you were wounded on that first, too. It does you honor, Captain Grey."

A color like a girl's came into his cheek at this simple, honest praise. It touched him because it *was* simple and honest—not a particle of flattery; she regarded him not as a young gentleman who reveled in the sunshine of worldly prosperity, but a man who had done his duty. Then again, she goes on:

"Why did you go at all—tell me, will you? Was it zeal, patriotism, real earnest belief in the need of you? But pardon me, I have no right to ask."

He hesitated only a moment, then answered:

"Yes, Miss Dane, I will tell you why I went, though I am afraid it will not satisfy your idea of earnestness."

"When that first call came for troops a year ago, I will do myself the justice to say that my heart thrilled at the need. Then the long want was filled for me. Here was unending excitement, real life, for the false one I had lived daily; for I had no vocation for politics, literature, or any of the million interests wherein other men flung themselves readily, and since my college days I had sunk into that detestable thing—an idle man, without an aim. I can not say that the present crisis gave me a decided aim. It gave me occupation, excitement, which roused, and did not pall. And if you will pardon the egotism, Miss Dane, I think I have been a more earnest man since the experience."

"I do not doubt it, Captain Grey. Ah!" and she shook her head with a wistful look of pain, "you think we women know nothing of that feeling—the want of reality—the purposeless existence in trifles. I know it fully, and have yearned to do something that my heart thrilled to do. Very selfish, we may argue, when there is so much to be done in the world; but it's nevertheless a stubborn fact." Then in a lighter way, "Yes, we may do something, we women; we may bind up the wounds, we may scrape lint, and roll bandages, and prick our fingers black making tunics. I've done all three of the last; but it don't give us the glow which your work does, or at least it does not to me. But don't argue from that, Mr. Grey, that I am emulous of becoming *la fille du regiment*. Don't think me unwomanly, however, if when I read how this brave fellow, led on to some deed of valor, or that one saved a column by personal sacrifice or risk, if I wish for a moment that I might feel the thrill, the glow that he felt. A wiser woman than I says,

> 'Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
> You flash your souls out with the guns
> And take your Heaven at once.'"

A shadow here fell upon them. Shannon looked up to meet his mother's face, bland and smooth, but with a fixed purpose underneath. A gentleman bore her company.

"Miss Dane," the placid voice said, "will you let me present my nephew to you—'Mr. Richmond, Miss Dane;'" and thus she broke the *tête-à-tête* and triumphantly returned from the field of operations with the refractory Shannon. "I am ashamed of you, Shannon!" she cried, in indignation. "Here are forty girls you haven't spoken twice with, and your guests every one. What are you thinking of, spending a good half hour talking to that insignificant little Miss Dane while such girls as the Ranleighs and De Laneys are before you?"

"Miss Dane—what's the matter with Miss Dane, mother?"

He was told that Miss Dane was a nobody—not in so many words; Mrs. Grey was not so vulgar as that; but a few careless sentences, and Shannon Grey knew that Agnes Dane was but a third or fourth branch of the Lovell family, and that distant boon of blood crossed by a *mesalliance*. Her father had been a small trader in the West India Islands. Dying, he left his daughter penniless, at the mercy of her mother's relatives. She never waited for that mercy, but took her destiny in her own two small hands, and was working it out bravely by the daily use of gifts and graces that were her inheritance and education. In a word, Agnes Dane was the under-teacher in a girl's school, and spending her vacation with the Lovell cousins.

All this Shannon Grey got in a breath or two as he walked down the room with his mother.

"Blood, good blood—what does it mean, mother? When I talked with Miss Dane just now I thought she might have been descended from heroes. When I talk with Lou Ranleigh, or the little Rensselaer Snyder, I think of cockneys and snobs invariably; I suppose because they mark the contrast so vigilantly by lofty scorn of parvenues, more implied than spoken. And so I as invariably make a savage of myself, and get autocratical, as you call it, lordly, and insolent, and satirical; and they bear it. Bear it! They accept it, and smile, and flatter, and fawn because I am Shannon Grey, the owner of Shannon Hill and the oldest family in the country. They think I am the first gentleman in the land, even then when I am an insufferable coxcomb. Do you think I can forgive them for causing me make such a fool of myself! Bah! how weak I am;" and he shook his shoulders with an impatient indignation, adding, "look at the little dryad there. She would turn her back upon me in a twinkling if I dared put on such airs to her. I vow she's the only real girl I ever saw—real, and honest, and true. I think the cross of the blood works well."

"You'd better offer yourself to her at once," sneered Mrs. Grey.

"She wouldn't have me; don't fret, mamma. She's for my betters."

And then with a half laugh: "Mamma mine, if you ever break up a *tête-à-tête* in that way again I'll waltz with every girl in the room till I get a limp for life. See if I don't. You don't believe me? I'm talking nonsense? Clara, Clara Snyder, give me the other half of my mazurka, or I shall never know happiness in this world."

A hand caught in passing, an imperious order to the musicians, and he went whirling away with the flattered little Rensselaer Snyder, while his mother bit her lips in mortification.

Three swift turns, stopping at the end in the neighborhood of Miss Dane, with the words for only her ear in a semitone.

"I've been disobeying orders and running a risk to pay a debt of passion, Miss Dane. My temper is uneven, you see. I shall never make one of the heroes you were envying. But come, have pity on me; come into the garden, Maude, and sing me the song of the dryad. They're going to play the Weber in a moment."

She laughed, shook her head—"No, I can't exorcise evil spirits; besides, I'm going now: good-night!"

"Going? I wish *I* was going. May I come and see you, Miss Dane, and talk war?"

"Yes, do: nothing pleases me so much."

Mrs. Grey sighed relief as the Lovells bade their adieux, taking the dryad with them. She did not hear that final arrangement, but when later she saw her son cloaking Lou Ranleigh with the most devoted air, and talking the veriest nonsense that nobody could hear but the lady in question, her spirits rose. That would be a fine link for her chain—the Shannon Greys and the Lowdon Ranleighs.

In the mean time, however, Shannon Grey was quite unconscious of his air or his words—force of habit, you see. And this was the hero. You don't believe in him? Wait.

Agnes Dane, sitting by the low fire of wood branches, dipped into Mrs. Browning's "Last Poems," while the Lovell cousins grouped round for hearing. She had read "Bianca among the Nightingales," that plaintive, passionate protest, that loving reproach, wet all through with tears, in a voice that seemed to come between the Tuscan trees, straight up from the bleeding, broken heart of the Tuscan girl.

Across the fire-place, leaning against the mantle, Richard Lovell regarded her steadfastly. It was not difficult to read his thought if you had watched him while she read,

> "'Sweet, above,
> God's ever guaranties this Now.'
> And through his words the nightingales
> Drove straight and full their long clear call,
> Like arrows through heroic mails,
> And love was awful in it all,
> The nightingales, the nightingales."

But there was no one there to watch. They watched instead the eager, flushing reader; for the Lovells were very fond of cousin Agnes; *they* thought there was none like her. To them the cross of blood went for nothing. Whether Lovell or Dane their hearts took her in, and their homes wanted her; but Agnes liked her free life, and lived it.

She read on, and still moveless and absorbed Richard Lovell regarded her.

Look into the other faces. In "The Nightingales" they saw "Bianca." In "Nature's Remorse" the unfortunate young queen whose soul

> "Was bred by a throne."

But Richard Lovell saw, over and above all, Agnes Dane. Do you read the meaning?

It was a rainy day, the day after the party at Shannon Hill, and no one was expected. So the time was all their own.

"Read 'Parting Lovers,' Kate asked, "after 'The Nightingales.'"

She was at the very verse she had quoted last night to Shannon Grey, when a roll of carriage-wheels in the avenue sent Richard's steadfast eyes from their watching to the window. The next moment he held the door open.

"Grey, we needed but you," was genial Dick's hearty cheer.

The others welcomed him cordially, gave him a place by the fire, and the reading went on.

Watching the reader now were two faces—two who saw only Agnes Dane.

Taking up the thread stopped for his coming, she went through the familiar verse—

> "Heroic males the country bears—
> But daughters give up more than sons;
> Flags wave, drums beat, and unawares
> You flash your souls out with the guns,
> And take your Heaven at once."

Lifting her head she met the eyes of Shannon with a smile of recognition. They both remembered.

From that hour, that moment in that hour, Richard Lovell knew his rival—knew it before they dreamed it themselves.

He stooped; fresh boughs upon the dying fire, flung in with strong, fierce gestures, which sent a cloud of ash and spark far into the room, and the outer demonstration was spent for the time. The face that lifted itself had a new look of resolve, as, "Who shall win?"

And Shannon Grey, riding back to the "Hill" after his visit, laughed as he thought how the "nobody" was regarded at Lovell Place.

"She is pure gold there, at all events," he mused. "A proud little thing, too."

Proud! He little guessed her pride. It was pride to wound and slay in its unalterable decrees, and grand because heroic in its meaning.

This first visit of his was but the beginning of many others. Shannon Hill and Lovell Place were neighborly estates, and the Lovell guest a fresh new type to the world-weary heir of Shannon Hill.

The Lovells looked on, and drew their conclusions at this growing intimacy. Kate, the elder, exulted in the prospect; and they all knew the meaning before many days, and all liked it but one. Richard Lovell kept his secret, and fought his battle silently but gallantly.

Agnes Dane was inscrutable. She gave no sign but of simple natural pleasure, until one day a stone was cast into the balance. How many knew that the still, secret pride of the girl made the stone-weight double!

Dick Lovell stood by the window that day and looked out through the thickening trellis-vine. That day—only the other day when along the telegraph wires flashed the startling call from State to State for troops, more troops.

Dick Lovell, brave, and gentle, and strong—fit head and heart for a soldier—chafed and fretted in impotent rebellion at the unrelenting fate which held him fast in inaction.

You scarcely notice the defect as he walks across the room; but Richard Lovell, one of the handsomest men in the county, and as lithely built as Shannon Grey, carries a maimed foot under that polished boot. A twenty-years'-old accident to a daring boy riding roughly over a stone wall gave a limp for life, and consequent disability.

Looking out through the trellis-vine he hears the gate clang, and sees presently his neighbor of the "Hill" hastening up the avenue. A glance at the flushed, eager face, and Richard reads the resolve. Going out to meet him, he says,

"You're off again, Shannon."

"Yes, old boy; how did you know?"

"How did I know? I looked on your face, and saw a declaration of war. And your walk was fast getting into a double-quick. I'd give ten years of my life, Shan, to run as you did. Bah! what a useless fellow I am!"

Over the stalwart shoulder Shannon's arm flung with a warmth of cordial sympathy which told his appreciation; and down the garden the two went walking like school-boys.

"What regiment do you go in?" asked Dick.

"Oh, my same old regiment; bless the boys, they've got a place for me yet."

"And your knee—you dare risk it?"

"Yes, Belmont won't insure me; he says there are two chances—mine and his; and I take the risk. Good Heaven, Dick, I could not stay at home! How could I?"

His head thrown back as he thus ejaculated, what did he see that sent a warmer color to his cheek, and a radiant smile flashing upward? Richard in a breath recognized the whole.

If Agnes Dane had flung down a rose at his companion he would not have been surer of the glance she sent from that window above them.

There was a moment's silence between the two young men, and then, with his usual impetuosity and more than his usual blindness, Shannon began: "Dick, I want her."

"What!" A swift, sharp ejaculation.

The other went on: "Your cousin; I want her for my wife. Shall I ask her, Dick? Have I any chance, do you know?"

Dick Lovell crowded down the angry tide, and answered: "Ask her? yes, if you wish, of course."

Shannon unnoticing, proceeded:

"Sometimes I think—yet no, I can not say. Dick, I have been the veriest puppy, but she has knocked all the conceit out of me. I am coward enough now—humble enough. But what a girl she is, Dick—so simple, so true!"

They turned into the house. Richard was giving a servant a message for Miss Dane. "Mr. Shannon Grey's compliments, and he waits for her in the library," when a carriage wheeled suddenly into view. A call from Mrs. Shannon Grey upon the young ladies.

The message was remanded for the nonce and changed to a more general one; and into the drawing-room presently floated the three young ladies to receive Mrs. Shannon Grey and her son—the two Lovells and Miss Dane.

The call was not fifteen minutes in duration; but in that brief space of time, without absolute committal of her sweet outward suavity, Mrs. Grey had sent her javelin with unerring aim, and Agnes Dane knew the ground upon which she stood, the estimation in which she was held—but not a line of her face betrayed it. Who else but herself penetrated this insult, shrouded in silken sentences? She looked up and caught the blaze in the eyes of her cousin Richard. Then a glow for a moment warmed her heart. She stooped swiftly for a fallen ribbon, and let her lips brush his hand in rising. That sudden acceptation of his sympathy, what did it mean? Half an hour later she stood with Shannon Grey alone in the library.

He had asked her to become his wife, and she had refused him. A faint glimmer of the truth flashed over him. With swift recall he brought to mind certain faltering words, and involuntary blush and smile which had given him hope.

Incredulous of despair, he made a profound mistake in the next moment. Impulsively he asked, with a suspicion of the truth at his heart,

"Will you give me your reason, Miss Dane?"

A little dilation of the dark eyes, then sudden drooping ere the flash went out, and very coldly she answered,

"I do not *wish* to marry you, Mr. Grey."

He could have cursed his folly now it was too late, for he saw at once the inference of his arrogance. He essayed apology and explanation; but he had no words to explain what he dared not mention—the dark suspicion of his mother, whose very suggestion would but double the insult.

Looking into the still, inscrutable face before him, he at length felt how immutable was its resolves.

Then all pleading ceased. Very quietly, very gently he bent before her, with the simple sentence, "I beg your pardon," and turned to go. With a face of deep sadness she came to his side and put out her hand.

"Forgive me," she said, less coldly. "Forgive me, if I have hurt you; but it was impossible that I could give you any other answer."

He began to speak, hoping he knew not what; but she fled past him with a scarce uttered adieu, and vanished up the stairway to her room.

There all the repressed emotion of the past hour had liberty of expression. But one sentence slowly uttered told the story. "How dared he think I would enter where condescension opened the door? *I!* He little knows a proud woman's pride."

Do not judge her. If she wronged him, perhaps she wronged herself. I told you hers was pride to wound and slay in its unalterable decrees, but grand, because heroic in its meaning. Such pride is inherent—a pulsation, a drop of the life-blood, and its violation is death.

With the turbulent tide seething in her soul she left the house, and sought the thickest gloom of the garden. In this mood Richard Lovell found her. He bethought him of that swift glance, the stooping figure, the lips brushing his hand. He looked into her face now and knew the hurt ached on.

Striking through the Lovell dignity, Mrs. Grey's javelin had touched a nearer nerve of the heart and roused both passion and resentment within him.

He had hardly need to say "I love you, Agnes," out there under the maples—her womanly sense had felt it long before; but the words, "Come to me, child, let the accident of my worldly position shield you in future! We are of one blood, though a century rolled between us; let us be of one soul—one life, Agnes." She was moved to the depths of her nature. "Here I am safe," she said unto herself. "Here, my love shall be honored."

As generous in her gifts as she was unfaltering in her pride, she vowed herself to him there with tears and lavish humility.

If she has ever loved another she shall love me better, was the silent resolve of Richard Lovell. If unexacting devotion, if sympathetic pride, could bring fulfillment, he would not be disappointed.

And again I say, do not judge her. It is by no means to be supposed that she had surrendered all her soul, her heart to Shannon Grey.

From the first she had seen him as the type of a class for whom she had no respect, no fellowship. Later, if his own words had given her a better view—later still, that one sharp shock had brought the slumbering suspicion back again; and his fatal question there in the library had sealed it.

Straight in from the garden Richard Lovell led his affianced wife, and presented her as such to his sister Kate. Kate looked surprised, perhaps, for she had looked for another wooer; but there was hearty welcome in her kiss; and as such things go, before the day was many hours older, it was known from end to end of Shannonleigh that Richard Lovell was to marry his cousin, Agnes Dane.

At Shannon Hill, a caller, idling over a Paris fashion-plate, communicated the fact between talk of tulle and lace. Mrs. Grey, sitting before her, thrilled through with sudden secret delight and triumph. Shannon, then, was safe.

Shannon! He rose up out of the deep window, and quite unheeding his mother or her guest went slowly down the path to the old study-haunt of his boyhood—the cedar grove. There another battle was fought, a sharper conflict than the three for which he had been crowned before; and with what spirit, what courage he fought it, you shall see in the result.

Mrs. Grey waited tea for an hour, then sent her own away untasted. Where was Shannon? Another hour, and the bells were ringing nine from the village clock when he walked in. She remembered the stern white face that went out, and she waited for a sight of him now with a troubled heart.

"Did you wait tea, mother?"

She sent a swift glance up to him. The tones were quiet, almost gentle, the face quiet too, but the weariest face you ever saw. He who had chafed and fretted like a spoiled child at the thwarting of a pleasure, now, at the thwarting of the grandest scheme of his life, showed solemn patience and humility.

A flutter of fear, a foreboding of she knew not what, crossed the worldly mother's heart. Dimly she felt the wrong she had wrought, and this new and noble way of forgiveness and forbearance was like a flame of fire to her.

By-and-by he spoke again—the same weary quiet:

"Mother, I have joined my regiment."

"Shannon!" A piercing wail was in her exclamation.

"Yes, mother, I have meant it all along, when I should get strength enough."

"But you haven't strength yet."

"I think I have. At all events I can not sit down selfishly at so small a risk when such a need as this arises. I must go, mother; the country can not wait; and men of any actual experience should be willing to hazard much to serve now."

"Shannon"—her voice was husky and low as she leaned forward to address him—"Shannon, is there any other reason for your going? Does Agnes Dane send you away?"

For a moment there was utter silence; then he said:

"Mother, this morning, when the news came that more troops were wanted, I rode into the city and offered my services. Four hours later I offered myself to Agnes Dane, and she rejected me. It was just after your call, mother."

Nothing more; not a reproach of any outward word or action. Speechless, Mrs. Grey had listened, but there was that at her heart which was fast becoming her punishment. Clearer and clearer grew the wrong she had wrought, as this solemn patience, this uncomplaining suffering became apparent to her. It was her only son—the pride of her life—and she sat abased before him.

Again he broke the silence:

"I know what you think, mother. I am a disappointed man, it is true; but not to ease a sad heart, to soothe disappointment, shall I lead on my regiment to-morrow. I tell you truly when I say that it is a long resolve. Perhaps, perhaps, who knows?"—he concluded, in a musing manner—"perhaps my country needs my whole heart."

"And I, Shannon; have you nothing for your mother?" was the pitiful question, in broken tones.

He had risen up to go to his room, and, passing her, paused a moment, saying,

"And you, mother."

A kiss, dropped softly down upon her cheek, was his offering, his seal of forgiveness.

Educated to selfish, worldly aims by a selfish, worldly mother, his tastes pampered by almost exhaustless wealth and the adulation which it brings, of a naturally impetuous temper and inclined to personal pleasure, in the great trial—the one disappointment of his life—you see what courage, what brave and generous manliness rose up to save and redeem.

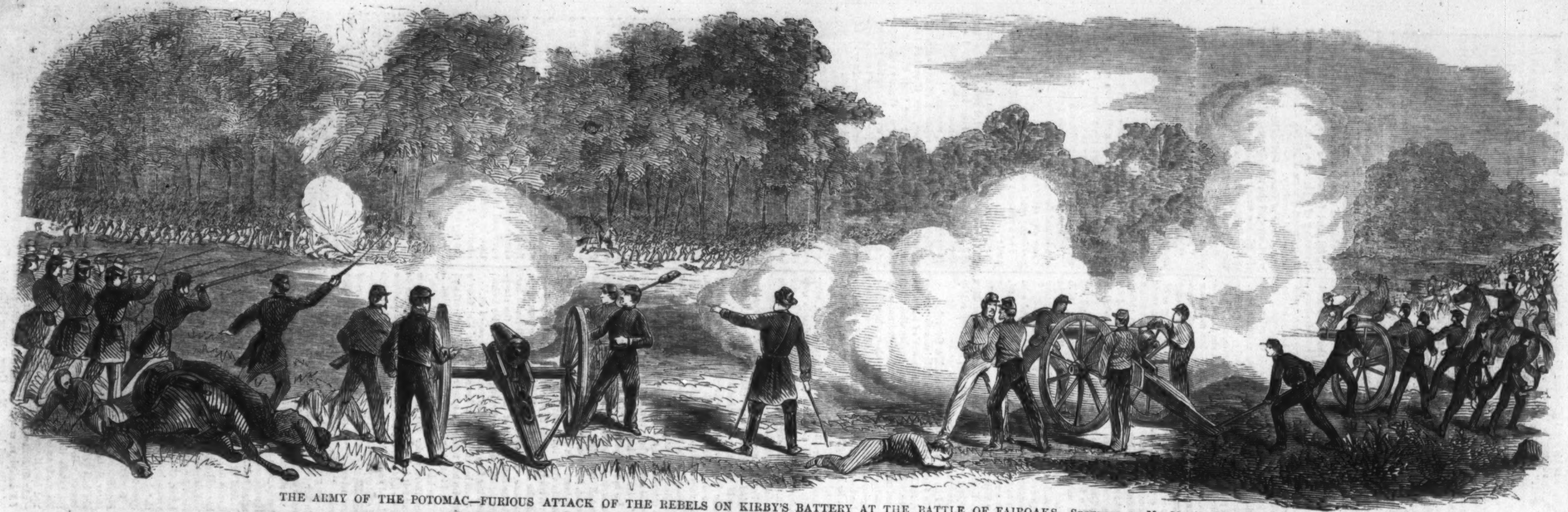
And when, next morning, through the city streets, at the head of his men, marching on amidst flashing steel and fluttering flags, he went in obedience to his sense of duty, with a heart purged of envy and all uncharitableness, and learning even then by stout resolve to give his whole heart to his country, I say there went, though uncrowned in the days that are to come, *one of our heroes!*

BRIG.-GENERAL SILAS CASEY.

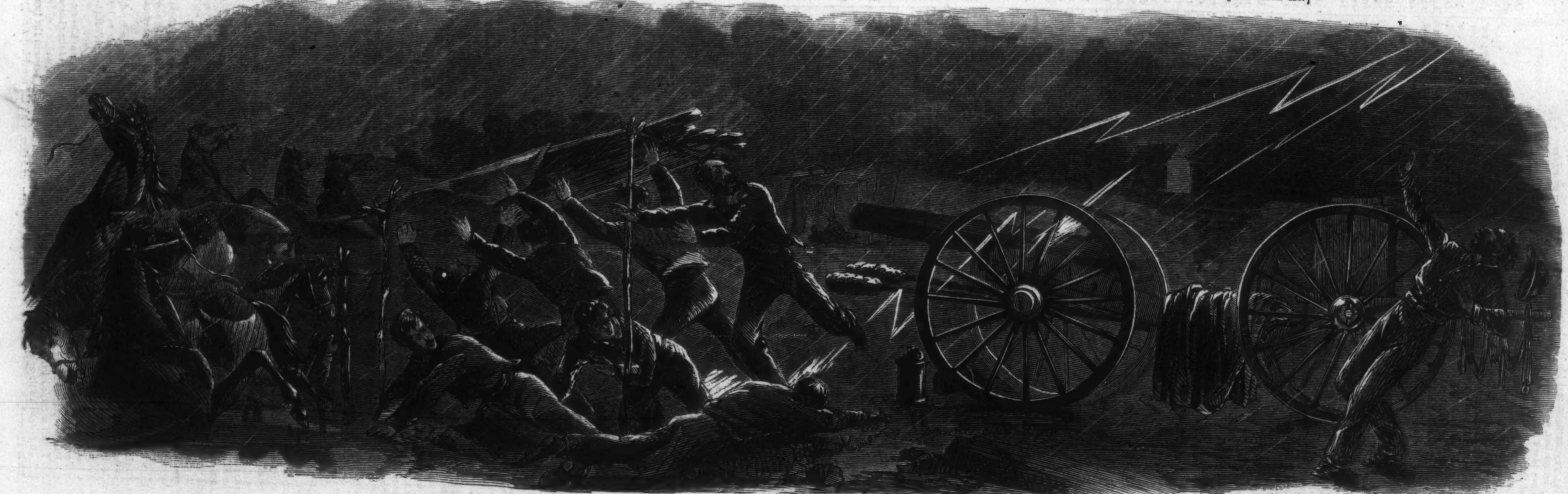
On page 421 we publish a portrait of **Brigadier-General Silas Casey**, who commanded the advance division of our army at the Battle of Fair-oaks, and who for many hours held his ground against a foe five times as numerous as his own force.

General Casey was born in Rhode Island about the year 1806; entered West Point in 1822; graduated in 1826, and entered the Seventh Infantry; was promoted to First Lieutenant in June, 1836, and Captain in July, 1839. In the Florida War Captain Casey served with distinction under General Worth. He served also thoughout the Mexican War, and added still further to his reputation for gallantry. At Contreras and Churubusco he distinguished himself, and received the brevet of Major. At the assault on Chapultepec he led the storming party, and was severely wounded. For this he received the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the outbreak of the rebellion Colonel Casey was one of the first to offer his services to the Government, and obtained command of a brigade in August, 1861. On the reorganization of the army under General M'Clellan he was appointed to the command of a division in General Heintzelman's corps.

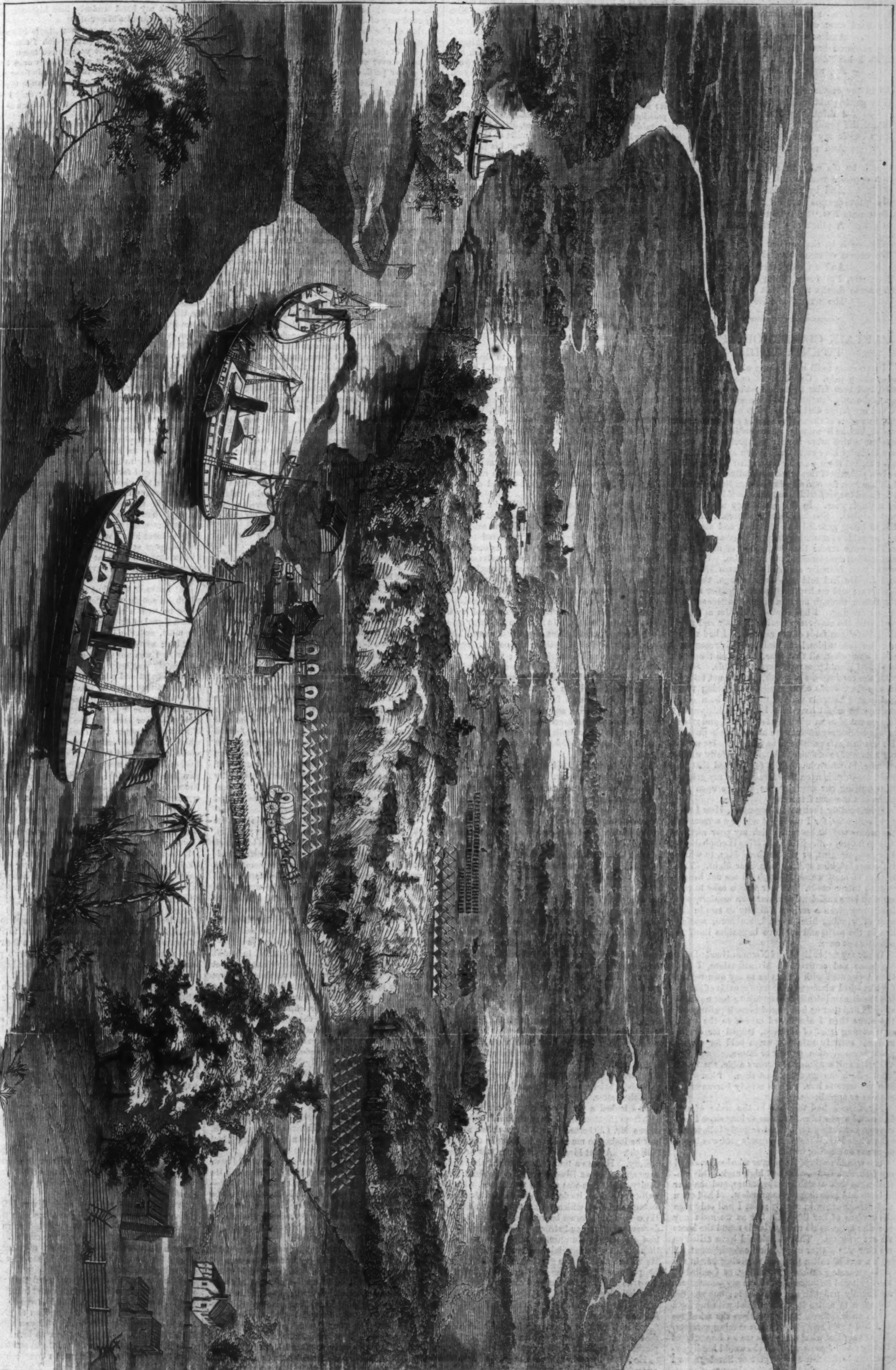
General M'Clellan's first dispatch, written hastily on the field of battle, did some injustice to General Casey, which has since been repaired by an explanatory dispatch. General Casey's division, though weak, and much reduced by sickness, stood its ground splendidly, as its long record of killed and wounded proves.



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—FURIOUS ATTACK OF THE REBELS ON KIRBY'S BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF FAIROAKS.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 426.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—CAPTAIN WHEELER'S BATTERY STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.—SKETCHED BY MR. MEAD.—[SEE PAGE 426.]



BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE APPROACHES OF OUR GUN-BOATS AND OUR ARMY.—[See Page 431.]

THREESCORE AND TEN.

Round, round my life she wove a spell,
My head went whirling *round* as well,
And at a rate alarming;
My captured heart went "pitapat,"
With a loud double "rat-tat-tat,"
Ah, well, but it *was* charming!

As in my easy-chair I sit
(I'm getting old and bent a bit),
I think how Ella sly was;
Of all the pranks she used to play
To wheedle my poor heart away,
And what a "silly" *I* was.

Can it be *she* who, in a doze,
Sits opposite with nodding nose?
And by her side— Enough!
My "fire-dreams" are all dispelled;
That nose has "sniffed," those fingers held,
A pinch of double snuff!

Well, so it is, that in our life
We dream of some bewitching wife,
And set our hearts on beauty—
Nay, nay, I'm *wrong*, though snuff *is* there,
A charm dwells round that easy-chair—
The wife *has done her duty!*

CAPTAIN CLITHEROE OF THE TWENTY-THIRD.

I had come to Glen Iris stung with the pressure of a sharp pain. One I loved once, and loved still, had been false to me. I had been brought up as the only daughter and heiress of a rich man. When my father died suddenly his whole property was in a state of chaos—invested in grand schemes which, had he lived, might have realized his wishes, but which were neither comprehensible nor available by his executors. When all his affairs were settled there was, for my mother and myself, only a pittance of three thousand dollars—scarcely half the sum for our sole dependence that we had been used to spend with thoughtless self-indulgence in a single year. In this emergency my mother was helpless. She had been accustomed all her life to being guarded and protected, and she was as incapable of assuming responsibility as a child.

The same stroke that robbed me of my father and my fortune estranged my lover also. We had never been formally engaged—Norman Howard and I. He had told me, often enough, that he loved me; and we had made plans together about the future, through many a summer afternoon or winter evening. I had danced with him at Newport, with the sea-breeze tossing my hair and rustling the silken folds of my raiment. I had sung to him, talked to him, lived for him, twelve months, and I know that, all that time, he had no thought but that I should pass my future at his side. Still, with the carelessness of youth, we had not talked in so many words of marriage—no binding vow had passed between us. If there had been one, perhaps he might have kept it. As it happened, he was out of town when my father died, and when he came back my affairs were already made public. He was in a safe position to be prudent. He wrote me a note of condolence, a kindly, carefully worded note, in which he took it for granted that he must not intrude upon the sacredness of my grief—thus putting our acquaintance at once upon the plane of a common friendship.

How terribly that note stung me! How I suffered—silently, for I could not add my sorrows to the weary weight beneath which my poor mother was so utterly overwhelmed. Mine is emphatically a temperament, or was in those days, to which blessings brighten as they take their flight. This is true of most women, though all are not honest enough to confess it. A lover who is easy to win we may love sufficiently for our own comfort, perhaps; but given a serious difficulty or two in the way of winning him, a good, stubborn, roaring lion in the path, and our love intensifies itself to adoration at once.

While my father lived and Norman Howard was assiduous and constant in his attentions, I had been tormented with doubts as to my own regard for him—had wondered if he were capable of arousing the utmost intensity of my heart; but no sooner did I find that he had bowed himself politely off the stage than I abandoned myself to the wild, unreasoning grief of eighteen, longed for death, and felt entirely sure that earth held for me no possible consolation, present or future.

Putting all sentimental sorrows aside, the world wore a dark enough aspect just then. I knew not how we were to live. I was utterly barren of resources or expedients.

My friends had followed in the wake of my lover and my fortune. It was so long since I had seen one of them that I could scarcely believe my eyes when Mrs. Winslow Morgan's card was handed to me one spring morning.

She was the wife of the lawyer who had arranged my father's affairs—a man of high rank in his profession, as well as rich by inheritance, and the peer in birth and breeding of the proudest. I had often met Mrs. Morgan in society; but I had only seen the surface of her life—met her as we meet any one who helps us tie rose garlands round the hours we are wasting. That she should have called on me now was matter of profound astonishment. I took a sort of sullen pride in receiving her in my plain mourning calico—conforming, as I called it, to my altered fortunes. I believe my manner was sufficiently haughty and unamiable; but she did not seem to notice it. She talked with me for a while on indifferent subjects; then she asked me if I had made any plans for the coming summer. I was vexed at what seemed to me an impertinent liberty; and I answered that she would hardly expect me to flourish at Newport or Saratoga, so I should not be likely to have the pleasure of meeting *her*. She was very patient; almost apologizing, as if it had been she, not I, that was in fault.

"Forgive me," she said, "forgive me, dear Miss Tremaine. I did not mean to wound you. I only asked the question as the easiest way of arriving at what I wished to say. But plain speaking is always best. Mr. Morgan told me that you had intimated to him a desire to do something for your own support, and I had a proposal to make to you. I am sure you would not fancy teaching—you have not the temperament to be happy or successful in it; and I did not know but you might like to fill a position for which I am commissioned to find a suitable incumbent. My brother, Miles Clitheroe, is proprietor of the large calico mills at Glen Iris. He is in want of a designer to get up his patterns, and it seems to me that this occupation might just suit you. Do you remember drawing those flowers and bits of sea-weed which we all admired so much at Newport last summer? I know you love sketching, and I think you could make it quite as remunerative as any thing else you could do."

Here she mentioned a salary liberal beyond my hopes, including a pleasantly-situated cottage home for my mother and myself. All this time I had not interrupted her. Now she waited for me to speak.

"I am ashamed," I said, earnestly, "to accept your great kindness, when I think how ungraciously I received you. How little I imagined that you came on such an errand! The employment is exactly what I should like best, and nothing could be so welcome as the prospect of a new home, far away from all past associations."

"Then you accept?"

"With thanks which I won't try to shape into words. Mrs. Morgan, when you came I felt as helpless and as hopeless as if I were shipwrecked on an island where no sail ever comes. You have brought me hope—a new lease of life."

Mrs. Morgan looked at me smilingly, with her kindly yet shrewd eyes. She said—

"You are eighteen, an age when we are as extravagant in our gratitude as in our despair. You owe me no thanks. I have been acting as much for my brother's interest as yours. I am selfish, too, a little. I come to Glen Iris for a month of every summer. I shall be glad to find a friend there."

In two weeks' time I was settled in my new home. Mr. Clitheroe had been absent at the time of my arrival, unavoidably, Mrs. Morgan said; but the overseer of the works had rendered me all needful assistance, and already I was as comfortably settled as if I had lived there a twelvemonth. The change seemed to do my mother much good. She was charmed with our new home, than which, indeed, I had never seen any thing lovelier. Our cottage stood on a high bluff overhanging the river. It was sheltered by higher hills, crowned with forest trees in the rear. In front, on the other side of the river, stretched miles of pastoral peace. The river itself was a rapid, rushing stream, fretting its way over rocks and through gorges; with now and then a break, where its bed was smooth, and its tranquil waters mirrored the overhanging tree-boughs and the clouds of sunset and dawning. Below us, half a mile farther down the stream, were the great mills, and the thickly clustering houses where the workmen lived. Mr. Clitheroe's own stately mansion, built of a beautiful gray stone, was above us, half hidden from our view by the trees.

I knew he had come home, and I expected he would call that evening. I had dressed myself with some care for the occasion. I was anxious to produce an agreeable first impression, for I was dependent on his patronage for my sole prospects of a comfortable future. I had been called a beauty in the days when I was considered a rich heiress. In those days I had not troubled myself to decide whether the general verdict was true; but to-night I looked at myself more critically, and was convinced that it was not. My features were irregular; though my skin was clear it was dark; and my hair and eyes were black as a Spanish woman's. There might be a charm in such features when kindled by love or enthusiasm; but in repose, as I looked at them in my mirror, I saw little to attract. It was not the style of face to show well in my sombre black attire. Bright colors did wonders for me—hitherto I had always worn them. Now, I thought, if my future success depended on my beauty my prospects were not flattering.

I went to the door and looked out. The flush of the early summer, the fair promise of the June, rested in dreamy tenderness over all the landscape. Rock and river, field and sky, it seemed like a fairy realm whence trouble and care were banished. And yet, as I looked longer, there seemed a pensive sorrow in the scene: not grief exactly, but something which whispered how soon the glory would pass—how brief was the spell—and so made us love it all the better.

As I looked a gentleman came down the rocky path from the stone mansion on the hill. Of course it was Mr. Clitheroe. I shall remember always how he looked to me as I saw him first in that June twilight. About him, at least, there was nothing dreamy. He was a tall, vigorous man, who might have served for an illustration of muscular Christianity. His face was a firm, manly one, with its well-cut features, its decided mouth, and the clear-seeing hazel eyes, which yet kept their own secrets. He wore a full, brown beard, and his hair, a shade darker, was thick and strong. Every thing about him betokened endurance, courage, energy—but, I thought then, no especial tenderness or sentiment. He was unmistakably a gentleman. Not finical in his politeness; not even very graceful; but with the true spirit and essence of courtesy pervading his whole demeanor.

Meeting thus on the very threshold of my dwelling he needed no introduction.

"Miss Tremaine, of course," he said, with a cordial smile; and I expressed in polite phrase my pleasure at meeting Mr. Clitheroe.

He came in and sat for an hour. I liked him exceedingly. I had never seen a man whom I would have preferred as a friend. He seemed so thoroughly dependable. I liked to hear him talk. He was not eloquent, but he had a manly, straightforward way of arriving at conclusions. He was fearless and independent in thought; and I felt sure he would never swerve in practice from the inflexible law of right. Duty with him would be duty, no matter over what rugged paths, to what scenes of pain, or peril, or even death itself, she should lead him on. Yet he was very far from fascinating. I had heard his sister speak of him with an enthusiasm which I hardly comprehended; for he did not seem to me a man about whom it would be possible to weave romance or sentiment.

"What do you think of him?" I asked my mother, after he had left us.

"I think he is *good*, Florence."

It was her sole comment; and I came afterward to know how true it was.

The summer passed on, and I saw him often. As strangers in a place which offered little opportunity for making congenial friends it was natural that he should be attentive to us, and he was. His society was my only recreation, and I grew to take real pleasure in it—as much pleasure, at least, as I could take in any thing. My heart was heavy enough in those days. If my father had lived, and—remaining in my former position—any thing had separated me from Norman Howard, I do not think I should have suffered very deeply. Probably I should very soon have seen some one who possessed equal attractions for me; and, at any rate, with so many sources of pleasure at hand, I should have found it easy enough to forget one fickle boy. Now the case was different. I had a great many long, lonely hours, and I spent them in brooding over and idealizing the past.

Mr. Howard sang well, and danced admirably. He had almost brought his brilliant playing to the perfection of a science. He was handsome. His coats were made in Paris, and his hatter hung out his sign on the Rue de Rivoli. I believe these were his chief attractions—his salient points. You will confess it did my imagination credit that I should have been able to idealize him into the one man of the universe—a chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*. I wore widow's weeds mentally for this New York Bayard of mine. I even managed to grow pale and thin, and I began to write melancholy verses descriptive of the place where I wanted to take my final repose. I sang to a dirge-like air, as I sat over my drawings:

"Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave—
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the wind sweep and the plover cry,
But thou—go by."

I used to wonder whether even his hard heart would not be moved if, some day, he should read upon a tombstone my name—that pretty name he had praised so often—Florence Tremaine.

When Mrs. Morgan came, in August, I made a merit to myself of not being infected by her exuberant happiness. Realizing the change in my circumstances, I think she attributed my melancholy to that cause, and so pitied and forgave it.

She had been gone two months when one night Mr. Clitheroe came and asked me to walk with him. I was looking worn, he said, and he was sure I needed air and exercise. I looked toward my mother. It was her nature to rely utterly on some one; to take what that some one said on trust, and be thankful to be saved the trouble of forming an opinion. My dear father had been her oracle while he lived—now it was Mr. Clitheroe. Of course she seconded him on this occasion, and made me get my bonnet and shawl.

We walked silently for a time, climbing up the rocky path which led by his gray stone mansion, and pausing at length on the summit of a hill which commanded the whole rich and beautiful landscape. I sat down to rest for a few moments on a rustic seat, and he stood at a little distance. I remember stealing a look at him as he stood there, his bold, manly figure clearly defined against the sunset sky, and his face tender, more tender than I had ever seen it, with some unspoken thought. At length he drew nearer to me, and said, in a low tone which yet went straight to my heart,

"Florence Tremaine, I am not skilled in lover's phrases—I never said before to any woman what I now say to you. But if my words are abrupt my heart is true. I love you. You have grown into my life until I care for no future unless you share it. Can you love me, child?"

It flashed through my thoughts in an instant what a blessed thing it would be if I could love him—how much his proposal proffered me!—love, not only, but ease, rest, freedom from care, a guide, a friend, a protector. If only Norman Howard had never crossed my path! But I could not wrong my own nature by marrying, for any worldly reason, Miles Clitheroe, when my whole heart was full of another image.

Whatever my faults were I was honest, and not ungenerous. I told Mr. Clitheroe the whole truth. I concealed nothing—not even the longing I had had to die—the utter weariness of life.

That man had a noble nature. Some would have turned from me with vexation or indifference. He did not. Loving me intensely, as I knew he did—I, who had never been intensely loved before—he did not seem to think at all of his own suffering, his heart was so full of pity for mine. He laid his hand on my hair, and said, oh! so sadly,

"Poor child! poor Florence!"

I believe at that moment he would have given up all his own hopes with joy but to have secured me the fulfillment of mine. Standing beside him, a feeling of how good he was—a sense of his compassion, so tender and so generous—stole into my heart, and I felt that I could not give up all his regard. Clinging to his hand, I cried, passionately,

"Do not take your friendship away from me, Mr. Clitheroe. You do not know how much I care for it. It is the only comfort I have left in life. Think how lonely we should be if you should stay away! Promise to like me still—to come and see us as often as you used, or you will break my heart."

He took my hand tenderly into his own. He bent over me, and whispered,

"I will never break your heart, little Florence. You shall never suffer a pang which I can spare you. Do not think that your brave honesty, of which not one woman in a thousand would have been capable, can alienate my friendship from you. I will not stay away from you, or change toward you. I will never be less your friend; only I will try to think of you differently—think of you as one who can never be mine."

Oh the unutterable pathos that thrilled in his voice as he said those words! I could never forget it. I should know all my life long that one man had loved me.

We went home after that. Somehow the face of the night seemed changed. The moon that rose looked like a phantom moon, gazing from the depths of a past, far-off and irrevocable. At my door we parted. He asked me to make his excuses to my mother—he could not come in that night.

I kept my own counsel. I would not pain my mother, or wrong him, by hinting aught to her of the love I had rejected. I did not understand my own feelings at all; if I had I should have known that a chord had been struck in my heart which had never vibrated to the touch of Norman Howard.

After this the weeks wore on, the harvest-moon waned, the November winds blew their dirge notes, the Christmas bells rang, and then the new year came in, white with snows, pale with prophecies of the events it was bringing us—1861.

All this time Mr. Clitheroe kept his word. He came to see us as frequently as ever. He was just as good. No son could have been more devoted to my mother—no brother more thoughtfully kind to me. But there was a difference which I felt. He was *too* kind, *too* brotherlike. I could see that he was keeping his word—thinking of me as one who could never be his. And after a while this became sharp pain. Somehow—I never knew how or when—the pale phantom of a dead love, whose visitations I had so long sought for and welcomed, ceased entirely to haunt me. It would not come when I did call for it; and I knew it was because it had been the ghost of a dream, not of a reality. I knew that my love for Norman Howard had never been the passionate outpouring of a woman's heart; it had been but the nursling of idleness and sentimentality. It would have moved me no more to meet him now than to have seen my old music-master at the street corner. And now also I knew that I did love at length—that all the happiness I ever cared to have was in Miles Clitheroe's gift.

But I myself had shut the door against him by which he sought to enter my heart, and I could never be such a traitor to my womanhood as to raise a signal of distress. Let the ship go down if she must, and the black waters of oblivion close over her; better so than to seek inglorious safety. And now I was not sentimental or mock-heroic; I was simply womanly.

I used to sit and watch furtively Mr. Clitheroe's face sometimes when he was reading to us. What a strong, masterful face it was! I had never seen those clear hazel eyes misty with tears or with tenderness—never save that one night. I wondered if he had forgotten it. *Could* the love be dead which had moved him so powerfully then—which spoke in word, and tone, and eye-glance? Be it dead or living, he made no sign. I had sealed my own fate when I told him I was ready to die for Norman Howard. I began to hate that old memory as fiercely as I had ever cherished it.

Now indeed I began to wish I had not so earnestly entreated Mr. Clitheroe to continue his visits. It was hard to meet him as his mere friend should when I remembered what words he had said to me once—words which no man was ever likely to say again, which I should never care to hear from any other. I longed to go away from Glen Iris—away from him—where the thought of what might have been would never spring into life at sight of his face.

At length events came, so mighty and so unlooked-for, that every one was ashamed to think of themselves. Men and women forgot their private sorrows in the hour of their country's peril, and the whole nation's heart beat as one heart in response to the guns fired at Sumter.

It was late in April when one afternoon Mr. Clitheroe came to our cottage. My mother was lying down in her own room. I was quite alone in the little parlor. It had become a daily event for him to come in after meal-time and tell me what was doing. As usual, he gave me the brief summary. Then, looking at him, I saw he had more to say. Soon it came:

"I am going too, Florence. I have raised a company from among my own men. They are used to me, and they will obey me better than any one else. I have just written to my sister, and you are the only other friend I care to tell. Will you bid me God-speed?"

I meant to answer bravely.

"God-speed you, and God bless—" I got so far, and then every thing grew dark about me. I had never fainted before, and I thought I was dying. It was my last thought before the darkness closed round me.

When I opened my eyes again I was lying on the sofa, and he was bending over me with the old look in his eyes—the look they had worn that night. He had not called even my mother. Tenderly as a woman he had bathed my face, and waited for my recovery. When he saw that I was better he said,

"Was it the thought of my peril that moved you so? Florence, do you love me at last?"

"I never loved any one else!" I cried. "Oh believe me! If it is too late for you to give me back what you offered me once, still you must believe the truth. That other was no love; it was a girlish folly, and I grew morbid and sentimental over it, because, after misfortune overtook me, I had nothing else to think about. I have known, for months now, that it had only been a delusion—that you were the very life of my life, as no one else ever had been or could be."

"And you never spoke?"

"How could I? I was a woman."

"And so, but for this sudden parting, you would have let me go all my life through and never know that the treasure I coveted was mine! Oh, child, I have kept my word to you. I have not forsaken you, or staid away from you, but it has been a sore trial."

He knelt down beside me, and folded me in that strong clasp of his. His eyes shone with a measureless content. I could feel the beating of his heart full and strong—the heart which was to [illegible] my home.

He looked up after a while, and said, oh, so tenderly,

"Florence, the life I was going to offer my country was worth so little to me that to give it was no sacrifice. Must I withdraw the offering, now that you have made it infinitely precious?"

I knew what his wish was. Perhaps I should not have loved him so well if he had been capable of giving up the right, even for me. I knew that I but echoed the resolve in his own soul when I answered him—

"No, you shall fight for two."

"Then it must be my wife who will watch and pray for me—my wife who will welcome me when I come back. To-morrow, love, you must be mine. I could die happier knowing that you bore my name, and had a wife's right to weep for me."

I did not refuse—how could I? The next day we were married.

He has passed, unscathed, through many a fierce fight, ever, as I knew he would be, in the thickest of the fray. I have faith, at length, in my own happiness. I believe Heaven guards him; and by-and-by, with laurels on his brow, he will come back to love and me—my hero—my husband!

THE JEW'S GARDEN.

I knew it in winter, when flowers were few,
When days were dim with unfruitful hours—
Next door but one the little old Jew—
I knew he was fond of flowers.

For the weather had often his wistful gaze,
And he changed as the weather was warm or cool;
I knew it, too, by his cheerful ways
With the children coming from school.

'Twas the emerald edge of the month of May,
With a spirit of bloom in the balmy air:
"Will you look at my garden?" said he, one day;
It is full of promises fair."

I smiled as we neared it. A cramped recess
Amid angular walls of commodious art,
It lay, like Beauty, companionless—
Like song in a sordid heart.

But the tired airs panted among the plants there,
Which, by devious ways, they had come to claim,
And the voice of love fell from the dove-cotes near,
And the crippled sunbeams came.

And never a care of the noisome air,
The din of the street, or the dingy place,
Did the young growths take in that garden there,
As if blessed with a genial grace.

Never a care took the Bean, but to vie
With Ivy and Hop that blindly run,
With small hands holding the strings whereby
They feel their way up to the sun;

Nor the Daffodil, but to dazzle and yield
A tune to the eye with its golden bells;
Nor the Giant of Battle, whose blood-red shield
Enchants the look which it quells.

But lo! a mound—a miniature mound!
A sensitive plant, with its hands half shut,
Stands softly near as in prayer profound—
A Heart's-ease smiles at the foot.

The quaint old Jew, with his cheerful chat
On the habits and hues and names of flowers,
Never glanced at *this*, the gem of the plat,
And, most likely, the labor of hours.

Till I said, "What is it, my friend—this mound,
Moss-mantled and wee, like a fairy's grave,
And those typical plants that guard it around?"
I paused at the sigh he gave.

He spoke no word, but his eyes slowly filled—
The air grew still and the sunlight sere;
And then, as the Sensitive plant was thrilled
By the old man's falling tear,

A vision arose of a greener grave
In a distant land, in the distant years,
And I knew the mourner who knelt and gave
A youthful tribute of tears.

And I thought, this old man here, to this day,
May have lived by brokerage, cheat, and bribe—
May have fawned, and lied, and clutched, and grown gray
In the sordid curse of his tribe.

But surely, I thought, love falls, like dew,
On his heart from the heaven of by-gone hours;
And surely God loves the little old Jew,
So cheerful and fond of flowers.

THE APPROACH TO CHARLESTON.

On page 429 we give a Birds-eye View of Charleston and Vicinity, showing James Island and Stono Inlet, and the position of our forces and our gun-boats. We take the following extracts from correspondents' letters from the army:

"It is but a little way from here to Charleston. From our outposts, looking across the narrow skirt of the island, we can plainly see Fort Johnson, and in a line beyond it Fort Sumter. Still farther the spires of the city and the masts of a few lonely vessels rise dimly to the view. But interposing is a force as large, I think, as our own, and they gave us, in the skirmish of yesterday, an evidence of dash and daring for which our men seemed hardly prepared. They are, of course, alarmed for the safety of the city. It may be that they will abandon it at once, seeing as they soon must that its possession must ultimately be transferred to the Union army. But we have every reason to expect a desperate resistance on their part, and hard fighting on our own, before the Stars and Stripes will float in triumph over Sumter's walls.

* * * * * * *

There has been a good deal of skirmishing between our forces and those of the rebels, resulting in our success. The rebels have been on the aggressive since we ceased to advance, and have given us one or two very pretty fights. They are in very strong force upon James Island, and have a large reserve in Charleston and on neighboring islands. The failure of Colonel Christ to destroy the railroad bridge at Pocotaligo, and thereby sever the main artery between Charleston and Savannah, has enabled the rebels to concentrate a very large force in and about Charleston, with ample means to increase it at short notice. In this they have the advantage of us. They can move troops with greater rapidity and concentrate more easily than we. Still we have managed thus far to get a little ahead of them, and would to-day have been in Charleston if a little more transportation could have been procured. One brigade failed to be on the ground assigned it in consequence of lack of transportation, and the moment which found Charleston nearly unprotected on that approach was forever lost, and when the movement was finally attempted the avenue of approach was found almost impregnable. The cause of the failure of the movement, I presume, will be investigated.

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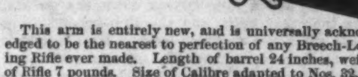

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